

# THE · STAR

Walk by the Light of My Love and  
Thou Shalt Cast No Shadow

J. Krishnamurti

The New Civilization Dr. Annie Besant

Abolish the Death Penalty

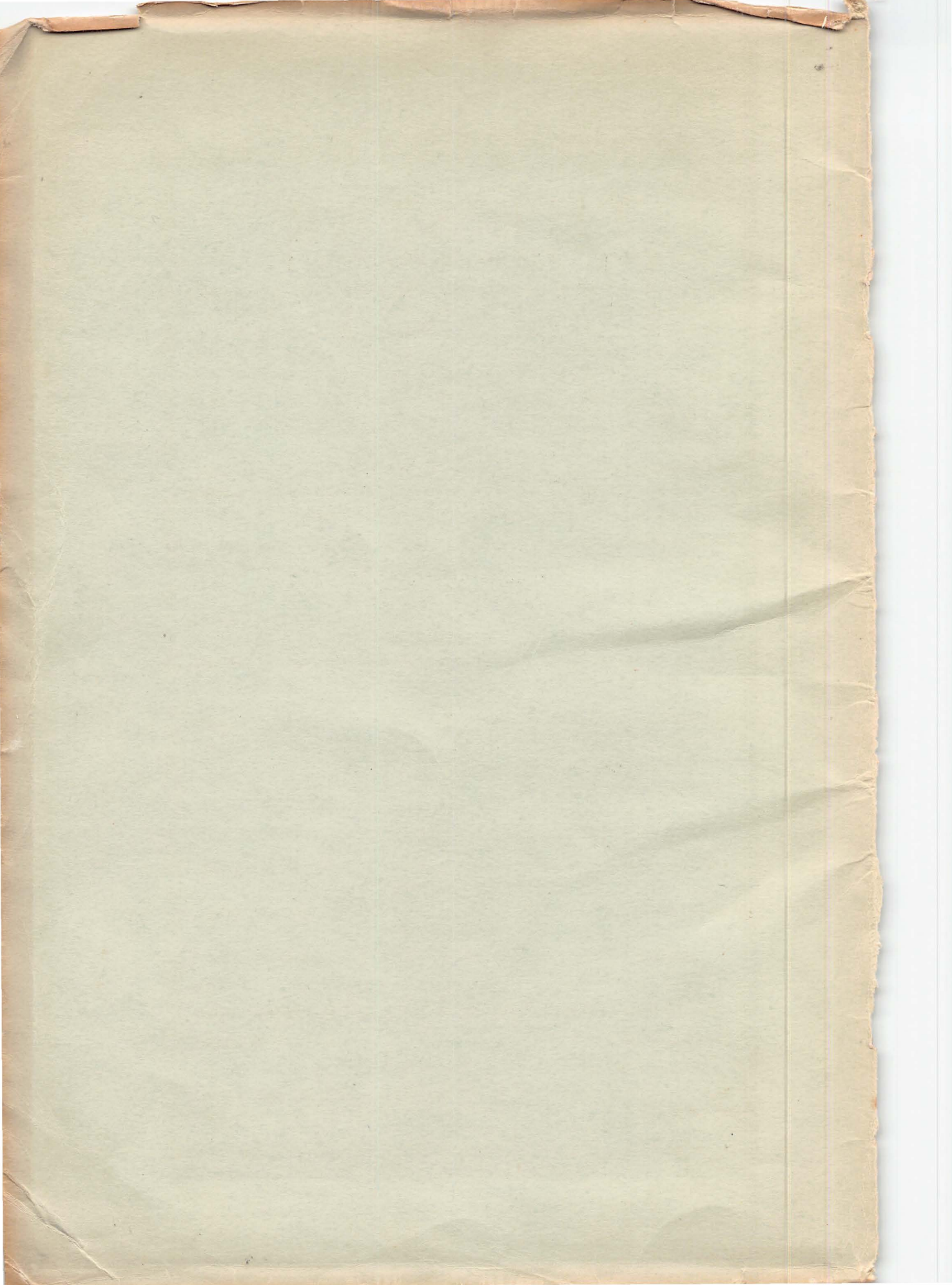
Will Durant, Ph. D.

The Black Lacquer Chest

Claude Bragdon

PRICE FORTY CENTS

APRIL 1928





# T·H·E S·T·A·R

THE STAR is a world magazine, its aim is to present truth, its purpose is to collaborate with serious investigators in all domains of thought. It is published in Danish, Dutch, English, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Italian, Norwegian, Portugese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish. The magazine consists of two sections: THE INTERNATIONAL SECTION, copy for which is prepared by the International Editorial Board and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland; THE NATIONAL SECTION, which is prepared by the National Editors.

Manuscripts sent to the International Editorial Board from foreign countries will not be returned unless accompanied by sufficient international reply coupons, as foreign postage cannot be used in Holland.

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Published monthly at 2123 Beachwood Dr., Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.  
SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00 A YEAR      SINGLE COPY 40 CENTS

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Entered as second class matter June 16, 1925, Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.      Copyright, 1928, by the Order of the Star.



# T·H·E S·T·A·R

VOL. I., No. 4

APRIL, 1928

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# Walk by the Light of My Love and Thou Shalt Cast No Shadow

J. Krishnamurti



*My well-Beloved and I  
Hold thee, O friend,  
In our heart.  
I speak to thee  
From the depth of my heart.  
I am united with my well-Beloved.  
I am as the petal to the rose;  
I am as the scent to the jasmine,  
My well-Beloved and I  
Are inseparable, indivisible.  
As the moon reflects the glory of the  
sun,  
So do I reflect the glory of my well-  
Beloved.*

*As soft as the shade  
Of the moonlit night,  
So is my love for thee,  
O friend.  
As the whirlwinds that sweep  
O'er the lands,  
So is my love  
That shall wipe out the darkness about  
thee.*

*As the mountain streams  
That come down with a roar  
Into the valley,  
So let my love enter into thee.  
As the solitary tree  
Amidst the great mountains  
Withstands the raging winds,  
So shall my love uphold thee  
In times of strife and affliction.  
As the sea putteth forth mighty waves  
And conquereth all things  
So shall my love vanquish  
The travail of thy life.*



*Yea,  
O friend,  
Passing exceeding great  
Is my love for thee.  
Drink of it, thou shalt be no more  
thirsty.  
Eat of it, thou shalt know of no  
hunger.  
Bind it to thy heart, thou shalt not  
taste of sorrow.  
Write it down in the table of thy mind,  
Thou shalt be the son of wisdom and  
understanding.  
Walk by the light of my love,  
Thou shalt cast no shadow.*

*O friend,  
Come unto me,  
I will show thee the way of love.  
Turn not thy head,  
Close not up thine ears,  
Seal not up thy heart,  
But come after me,  
I will lead thee  
To the abode of love.  
Oh! My heart acheth for thee,  
For thou dost not listen  
To the voice of my love.  
Why dost thou not answer to my call?  
Why dost thou walk away from me?  
Why dost thou hide thy face among the  
shadows?  
Why dost thou pursue the fleeting  
That engendereth in thee sorrow?  
Why dost thou hold thyself against me?  
Why art thou blind to my love?  
Why dost thou eat out of the hand of  
affliction?  
Ah! Answer me,  
For I am heavy with love.*

*The love that begetteth sorrow,  
The love that killeth the smile on the  
open face,  
The love that changeth from moment  
to moment,  
The love that's lonely in its solitude,  
The love that's haughty and oppressive,*



*The love that destroyeth the love for  
others,  
The love that binds and places a  
limitation,  
The love that's consumed with the fires  
of self,  
These thou shalt not taste of  
If thou walkest with me.*

*O friend,  
What dost thou pursue?  
What's the purpose that leadeth thee  
on?  
What shadows entice thee on?  
What murmurings urge thee on?  
Whither goest thou?*

*O friend,  
The divisions of people,  
The oppression of the poor,  
The wars of nations,  
The exploitation of the ignorant,  
The hatred of class against class,  
The strife after wealth and the sorrow  
thereof,  
The intricacy of governments,  
The portioning of lands,  
All these cease to be  
In the clothing of love.*

*Doth not the man of the fields,  
After the labors of the day,  
Seek the shelter of love?  
Doth not the man of multitudes of  
things  
Grow weary of his possessions  
And seek the shelter of love?  
Doth not the ruler of many peoples  
Suffer the loneliness of his ambitions  
And seek the shelter of love?  
Doth not the man of the temple,  
Caught up in the exhaustion of his  
worship,  
Seek the shelter of love?  
Yea,  
All are in search of that abode  
That giveth them the glory of love.*



*But why dost thou contest,  
O friend,  
One against another  
In the pursuit of love?  
Why this setting aside of joy  
In the hatred of one against another?  
Why this consuming envy  
That setteth up one against another,  
And destroyeth utterly thy happiness?*

*Oh! My heart aches for thee,  
O friend.  
Keep open wide thy heart,  
And let no dark shadows creep therein,  
For without love there shall be  
Desolation and a strife without an end.  
Keep pure thy heart,  
For with impurity  
There shall be affliction and travail.  
I tell thee  
That wherever thou art,  
Whatever be thy sorrow,  
Whatever be thy rejoicing,  
The way to the heart of the Beloved  
Is the way of love.  
For it leadeth thee to simplicity,  
And to the faith that conquereth.  
Understanding cometh by the way  
Of love,  
And knowledge therefrom.  
Yea,  
Love all and therein lose thyself.*

*My well-Beloved and I  
Hold thee, O friend,  
In our heart.  
I speak to thee  
From the depth of my love.  
I am as the petal to the rose,  
I am as the scent to the jasmín.  
I am united with my well-Beloved.  
Come unto me:  
I am the heart of love.*



# The New Krishnamurti

E. A. Wodehouse

## *A Note*



Y the new Krishnaji I mean the Krishnaji who arrived at Adyar on October 31, 1927. I had last seen the old Krishnaji at Ootacamund in April of the previous year; and although changes were even then going on, and although there were occasional hints of what was to come, the difference between them then and now was the difference between being on the point of breaking through and emerged on the broken through and emerged on the other side.

The Krishnaji of today is the Krishnaji of the other side of the wall. We may interpret the significance of this as we please; for I do not think that our interpretation of it much matters. Indeed, if one is to go by certain talks with Krishnaji himself, the less we allow it to matter, the better he will be pleased—for it is of things unessential. The fact, however, matters greatly; for it is upon this fact that he avowedly bases his right to teach. And it is fortunate, therefore, that the change itself is one which cannot but be palpable to any one of even moderate sensitiveness of perception. But I think that one must see him and be with him in order to perceive it. The writings do not yet reveal it, it is possible that they never may. But the personal affluence, the magnetic effusion, is so extraordinary, that I defy any one not to surrender to it unless he has hardened his mind and heart in advance; just as I defy anyone to feel it and to remain unchanged.

My testimony on this point is not devised by value, since, to speak frankly, I had gone down to Adyar half-expecting—or perhaps, I should say, half-fearing—that I might be disappointed. One had heard, of course, of a new Krishnaji. News had come from Om-

men and elsewhere. But I had known Krishnaji so long and so intimately, and was so well aware of his own natural charm and of the wonderful beauty of his general make-up, that I thought it by no means impossible that an extra year's development, along his own lines, might of itself have produced changes so striking, that it would be quite pardonable for people to interpret them as something very much more significant than they really were. My immediate practical interest in the matter was, of course, that I had to decide whether, or not, I could apply for re-admission into the Star Order. This, in my opinion, would be not only a meaningless, but a dishonest act, unless it could be done from absolute, personal conviction, and with the fullest realization of all that the necessary affirmation implied. Consequently, the first thing was to get into personal touch with Krishnaji and to judge for oneself. Finding, therefore, that my autumn vacation would enable me to get about a week with him, if I spent it at Adyar, I resolved to go down there, and to hold over my decision until I had had the opportunity of seeing him for myself. I reached Adyar on October the 10th, and had thus been there for three weeks when he arrived.

As things turned out of course, I need not have worried. But it was not till the day after his arrival that I realized this, in a way sufficiently convincing to banish my doubts. All that I saw of Krishnaji, on the first day, was at the crowded ceremony of welcome to the President and himself, which took place in the Headquarters hall—a ceremony, which, I should mention, was about the fifth, or sixth, function which had punctuated the seven-mile drive that morning from Madras. At the conclusion of the proceedings, he



made a short speech in reply to the various addresses. But it was disappointing. He was not eloquent, and his words aroused no thrill; while he had the further disadvantage of speaking immediately after the President, who really had been both eloquent and moving. One gathered that the large and somewhat wrought-up audience had expected something more from him, seeing that this was his first appearance at Adyar after the rumored Change. One learnt afterwards that he was not well. He had caught a chill in the train from Bombay, and was tired out by all the addresses and *tamasha* of the morning. He ought not to have spoken at all.

The following day, however, I was able to have an hour's talk with him in his room. Then, all was different. There it was that I saw and recognized, for the first time, the new Krishnaji. I do not propose to attempt any expression of what or how I felt on this occasion. I need only say that everything has become changed for me since. Something I had dreamed of, half-unconsciously, all my life, had at last come true.

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The student of occultism, accustomed—as most of us have been—to talk in terms of “forces” and “vibrations,” will, I think, find himself confronted with something new and rather puzzling, when he comes into contact with Krishnaji, as he now is. The noble force, for instance, which comes so often through our President, and which we have all many times felt when she is speaking, interprets itself very easily in terms of vibrations. We can, as it were, feel it beating upon vehicles. But what comes from Krishnaji is something very different. It seems too gentle to speak of as a “force”; and the effect of it is as of something smooth and vibrationless. It seems, too, to act, as it were, not on the vehicles at all, but directly on the life. Indeed, so absolutely free is it from any element of the striking, or dramatic, that one is perhaps conscious of it only after the

magic has been accomplished. One is aware of the effects, but not of the process which produced them.

That, at all events, has been my experience—confirmed, whenever I have been with him. What struck me most of all was the *quality* of this affluence. To speak of its purity and depth is to use well-worn words which, for that reason, do it imperfect justice. But what I mean by the words is that the life, which comes from him, gives the impression of having welled up from somewhere very deep in the heart of things, and of having remained absolutely unmixed with any taint of individuality, or personality, in passage. It is thus, in the oldest sense of the word, simple, and because of its simplicity, universal. Warmth without color, is the only way I can think of, at the moment, to express a purity which is, at the same time, full, sustaining, and charged with a great joy. But the language which I am using about it is altogether too heavy, because it suggests something grave and solemn and full of spiritual portentousness. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Outwardly the new Krishnaji is the old Krishnaji. The same eager boyishness, the same affectionateness, the same spontaneous and unself-conscious charm is there; and the change which has happened to him has not changed these. He does not seem to me older; on the contrary he seems to be younger than when I saw him last at Ooty, at a time when he was far from well. Nor has he grown solemn; I found him, at Adyar, just as fond of a good joke as he had ever been. And the charm and the affectionateness are just what they used to be, only that they are now far more winning. What has happened, to me, has not altered him in the least, so far as his own natural characteristics are concerned. All that it has done is to have suffused these with a certain magical grace, which they did not possess before, and which is so compelling that it is the one thing of which one is conscious when one is with him.



Krishnaji today, if I may use the metaphor, is like a musical chord, of which the harmonies, or overtones, are far more resonant than the notes themselves. It is the Oversoul that one feels, rather than the personality. Yet this over-shadowing influence is not a weight which bears heavily upon him. I see no signs of its pressing upon, or constraining, the free play of his personal life. On the contrary, it seems to have, as it were, lightened and lifted all this. Its effect has been rather that of release than of constraint. And the consequence is that one can meet the new Krishnaji on just the same frank and friendly footing as one could the old. More—I would say that the feeling of easiness and freedom is now greater than ever. His personality invites confidence and naturalness even more readily; and in all such personal relations there is a feeling of absolute equality. Anything more unlike the popular conception of a spiritual teacher could not be imagined. There is nothing *ex cathedra*, nothing pontifical about him. The last thing, indeed, that one is conscious of, is of being taught at all.

And yet . . .

I do not quite know how to complete the unfinished sentence without spoiling all that I have been saying. But if I say that one cannot leave the presence of the new Krishnaji without the feeling of having had the most cleansing of spiritual baths, made fragrant with the most delicious of spiritual bath-salts, perhaps the reader will gather what I mean. And I have purposely chosen an almost flippant metaphor, because I want, more than anything, to preserve the impression of the easiness, the lightness, and the naturalness of it all. But this does not prevent one from recognizing, at the same time, that the experience has been a transcendent one, and that one has found a new meaning for the word "holy." Why is it that holy things are nearly always thought of as solemn things? I suppose one can think of reasons for this. But it is none the less a revelation when one

discovers for the first time, that the true essence of holiness is far more of the blue sky than of the thundercloud, and that the authentic odor of sanctity is less that of incense than it is the scent of wild flowers in the hedgerow and the breath of early spring. A blue-bell or a daffodil, rejoicing in its life, is the typically holy thing. The fawn playing in the forest, the mountain torrent leaping in glee from crag to crag, are apt emblems of things spiritual. The voice of the spiritual life is not a sermon but a song.

So much have I learnt from the new Krishnaji. And I wish to follow up the idea in this brief note, because it seems to me that it has something to tell us, of no little interest and importance, about Krishnaji himself.

I have said something about the quality of the life which flows through him. But I have not yet mentioned one characteristic of it, which captivated me most of all, and, in a way, meant most to me. This I can only describe as its "lyrical" quality. Here it seemed to me—felt as a living influence—was the very Poetry of the spiritual life. And I welcomed it the more eagerly since it was something which (probably through my own fault) I had missed, and been half-unconsciously thirsting for, for many years. But the important thing about it, in the present connection is that this lyrical quality belongs not only to the new Krishnaji, but to the old Krishnaji as well. I have helped to teach him as a boy, and I know. At the very roots of his nature he was always the impulse of poetry. At the core of him, no matter how muffled and inarticulate, was ever the Singer and the Artist. And it is this, above all else, that the change in him has released. For in this respect the new life and the old are at one. The new life comes, as it were, straight from that world of that Platonic Beauty, which is the archetype and reality of all beautiful things on our earth; and it comes with a song on its lips. And at the touch of it, all the latent poetry and love of beauty in the old Krish-

naji has been lit into a devouring flame. I myself have seen the reams of poems which, in the conversational phrase, are "in his desk," and have not yet found their way into print—and if ever they are destined to get there. These were not written for printing. They were written to "purge the stuffed bosom." They are the outward sign and token of a truth which it is easy, for one who knows him, to divine—namely, that the new Krishnaji is afire with poetry, and that this is indeed his earliest and most ardent reaction upon the great change. The lyrical quality of the new life is working mightily within him; and the almost desperate impulsion of his being, at the moment, is to give rein to this quality by turning the whole of life into a song.

Now, I mention this, not merely as an interesting fact about him, but in order (if I may be so greatly daring) to make a suggestion to some of those who love him and who want to fit in with his work. It is, that they should recognize this quality in him, and should, so to speak, make allowances for it, in considering what he says and does. For it is my belief that these will hold the readiest passport into his inner mind and heart, who will remember to think of him, primarily, as Poet and Beauty-lover—who will, as it were, look for the Orpheus in him, rather than for the Shankaracharya. And particularly, when there is something, in his outlook or his utterances, which seems new and strange to them, and which conflicts with some of their own ideas, let them not hastily assume that he is against them—for Krishnaji is against nothing, on the virtuous side of life, except solemn affection—nor that the difference is some tremendous one of theory or doctrine. Let them rather ask themselves whether the secret of the whole thing may not be simply the revolt of the poet-soul against the shackles of their prose—the refusal of a Shelley to speak in the language of Hume or Darwin. And if the antithesis of "poetry" and "prose" seem to them hardly flattering to their own

special interests, let them remember—out of simple fellow-feeling, if out of nothing else—that in the lyric tumult of that new life, which is in Krishnaji, everything almost must appear prose, which is not of the very inmost essence of the ineffable Song of Things.

To point my meaning, let me give an example from the experience of those of us who are Theosophists:

For many years past, by far the most notable part of our Theosophical literature has been written in the language of science. Materialized down to their physical-plane equivalents, the themes treated in our text-books have been the Anatomy, the Physiology, the Geography, the Ethnology, the Dynamics, and the Irrigation Systems of the superphysical worlds—to mention only a few items out of their wide variety of subject-matter. All this, of course, has been both admirable and necessary. The technical information, thus given, was essential to the larger scientific understanding of life. It supplied the occult explanations of things, and told us a great deal about the *modus operandi* of spiritual forces. But it should not be forgotten that, however complete and detailed such information may be, it can never tell the whole story. Such facts are merely the bony structure of the life spiritual; and the bones, in order to fill their place and function in a living organism, must be clothed with flesh. Moreover, it is only then—when flesh and bone have become parts of a living synthesis—that the specifically human values begin. For then we can begin to speak of grace and beauty and charm and health, and whatever else is, as it were, the flowering and fragrance of incarnate vitality. Further, (and this is the main point), for the Poet and Artist, the interest is born only with these. It is these values, and others of ranges above these, which are his special province. It is in terms of these that he builds his interpretation of life.

But this does not mean that he is, thereby, the enemy of those who are concerned primarily with scientific fact, or that he despises or dislikes their la-



bors. Wordsworth was not an anti-botanist when he wrote:

*To me the meanest flow'r that blows  
can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears.*

Now need we attribute to the Nature-lover any hostility to agricultural progress, if he find no emotional appeal in an irrigation-canal? The reason is, of course, that his interest in the world about him is fundamentally aesthetic, while the interest of an irrigation-system is practical and utilitarian. And if we remember that Practical Occultism, despite the nobility of its ultimate aim, is yet a matter of scientific technique, and that a great part of it has to do with just the specialization and distribution of forces, we shall see that it thereby falls automatically outside the province of Art and Poetry. And the same remark holds good of those branches of applied occult science, which have to do with the generation and distribution of spiritual currents, by means of the disciplined and quasi-mechanical coördination of large groups of people—as, for example, in collective rituals. These things have their appointed place in the polity of the life spiritual, and they need their experts and technicians. But they belong specifically to the science, and so to the prose—not to the art and poetry of that life. Consequently, we must be prepared to find them possessing little natural appeal for the Poet and the Artist of the higher life. It is not in these things that such natures will find their inspiration or their themes. Nor is it to be claimed of them that they should do so.

And if perchance it should here be objected that, for a spiritual teacher of authentic magnitude, there should be an appeal in everything which makes for the uplifting of humanity, the reply would be that this is true—but that, even so, he, like any other, has his special task to perform, and brings to the doing of it the machinery best adapted to that task. No teacher, however great, comes to give the whole of Truth, but only that part of it, or that

aspect of it, which is demanded by the deepest need of the world. And though all good work may claim his sympathy, this alone will claim his practical interest. For his time is short, and there is much to be done. Moreover, it is for the many that he comes, and not for the few. And there is one further thought—and that is, that he comes primarily to give life; and that if, in so doing, he seem to neglect the forms of today, those forms, if they are destined to survive, will feel his life tomorrow. It is enough that the channels should be ready; the life-stream will find them of itself, when the appointed time shall come.

And so, in considering the question which we are now discussing let us think primarily of the need of the world. The science of the spiritual life may be for the comparatively few only—for those who either are, or are training to be, the technical experts of that life, corresponding to the surgeons and physicians, the electricians and the engineers of our lower world. And these already have their teachings, and are doing their own special work. But, for the world at large, there may be another need. It may be that what it craves is just that restoration and rejuvenation of the beauty and the magic and the sweet healing of the Life of the Spirit, that only the Poet-Teacher can give it; that the message it is waiting for is a Song, and not a Treatise; and that the home, to which it would be led, is not the lecture-room or the laboratory, but among the green pastures and under the open sky. And so the Helper, for whom it is calling, will not be the botanist—to show it how plants are made—but the Poet and the Nature-lovers, to take it by the hand and show it the violet hiding under cool leaves, and the dells where the cowslips grow; not the irrigation expert, but the Artist—to lead it along the banks of “sedgy brooks” and by the side of

*Shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.*

★ ★ ★

Some such reflections, I feel, will be



helpful to all who would understand the new Krishnaji and come to terms with his special temperament and outlook on life. For if the need of the world be what has been suggested, and if it be the task of the new Krishnaji to help to supply that need, then it is not difficult to see why such a nature as his should have been selected for the purpose, or why through every fibre of his being, today, thrills the lyric note. Let us, then, as I have said before, look for the

Singer in him, and not for the Scientist or Philosopher. And finding it, let us be content. Nay, let us rather be thankful. For if the true Poet be a rarity in our mundane life, the Poet of the life spiritual is rarer still. We have read much in the Philosophy of the Spirit; we have learnt something of Spiritual Science. Let us now, in the few years that are before us, learn of the Poetry and the Beauty, and open our inner ears to its Song.

## \*Intelligent Revolt

J. Krishnamurti



have been saying how liberation and the opening of the gate into the Kingdom of Happiness is for all, and not for the select and the chosen few, and the attainment and fulfilment of liberation only comes when there is absolute cessation of all creation of karma. For karma forces everyone to inhabit the house of flesh life after life, and karma is the wheel upon which a human being is bound life after life, the wheel which is kept spinning with the energy of his own volition and of his own desire. So he who desires to attain liberation must first consider his position with regard to that invisible turning of that eternal wheel which we call life and death. In order that we may not embrace that wheel, not kiss those spokes which are agony and

anxiety and sorrow, we must learn that the creation of karma lies within our own power, our own hands, as also the stopping of that wheel. While that invisible wheel turns there is no peace, there is no pause, there is no stopping place; it is one continual rush and anxiety, it is one continual creation of karma and a struggle life after life. In one life a man may be a beggar, but by his good actions, by his noble life, by his fervent devotion to his great ideals, he may be reborn in the palace of kings, abiding in comfort, robed in perfection and surrounded by affection. For he who climbs may fall—the wheel of life and death has no favorites—and he who falls may climb. Unceasing is this wheel of life and death. It only stops for those who have realized what is liberation and who have opened the gates that lead into that Kingdom of Happiness.

\* Month by month we shall publish in *The Star* the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.

As long as a human being does not kill out, does not annihilate the self, there is karma—for the self is the cause of karma—but if you destroy that self, the self that says to you: I am, I was, or I shall be, then the wheel of life and death, whose spokes are anxiety, sorrow and pain and passing joys, stops, and you become the Master, the one who has attained liberation, who has attained the Kingdom of Hap-



piness. Until you have attained that liberation, until you have destroyed the self, you are like the man that sows his grain, whether it be sesame, wheat, or any other grain; he sows it and reaps it the following season. What he sows he reaps and that which he has not he shall not reap. So is the person who creates karma; for what he sows he reaps—his ignorant thoughts, his foolish feelings, and his foolish actions, create the weeds amidst the grain. Whatever his thoughts, whatever his feelings, whatever his actions, the results will correspond. And so he that would attain liberation must not only destroy that self but must labor rightly, for right action, right feeling, and right thought produce the tree that shall protect, that shall give shelter to many others on the road, on the path that leads to peace.

When that self is destroyed, then there is liberation and the gates of that Kingdom of Happiness are open. For that Kingdom is Kailas, is Nirvana, and is Happiness, and he who says there is life in that kingdom doth err, and he who says there is no life also errs; for it is as a flame out of which spring up sparks, and each one of you is a spark, and the moment you destroy that self you enter into that kingdom and you lose your separate being in the flame. That is the highest goal of attainment, that is liberation, that is the Kingdom of Happiness. If you realize that, then you will see that this power to attain, to conquer, to fling open those gates, lies in your own hands. For I cannot stop, I cannot for a moment hold that wheel that spins round and round, inevitable and uncontrollable. But the moment you recognize that there is this immense flame that is beyond this world, beyond every world of being, sentient and moving, then that wheel of karma begins to slow down and its power begins to decrease, and as the flame grows immense with the adding of more wood, so the more sparks that enter into that flame the greater the glory and the warmth of that flame. And those who, like myself, have attained liberation, are part of

that flame; they have seen the Truth, have destroyed the self, they have entered the flame, where there is no life and yet . . . there is life, where there is no cessation and yet there is cessation. This is the goal of all evolution, of all thought and feeling, of all humanity.

So, friends, you must realize this truth which is eternal, which is everlasting: that the killing of the self is the destruction of the wall which keeps you outside that garden, it is the destruction of the barrier which keeps you outside that Kingdom of Happiness—this is the realization of liberation.

But in order to behold the truth, or to see the Beloved, or to attain liberation and to open the portals of happiness, it is necessary for those who seek to become like the crystal, pure, even and serene. They must be free from the entanglements of the wheel of birth and death, and above all they must be pure as the mountain stream that is the outcome of the whole winter's snow, clear as the summer skies without a cloud, without a smirch, pure and serene.

In order to attain this state of well-being mentally, emotionally and physically, from today, I am going to try to explain the way and the means of approaching that gate that leads to peace and liberation. For me there has been no goal other than that of liberation, and I have attained liberation; for me there is no truth other than that truth which is the destruction of self, which eventually leads to peace, and I hold that truth; because my Beloved dwells in me, and I have become the Beloved, I would like to make you as myself. In order to make you into His image, into the image of the Beloved and into the image of the truth, I would multiply your strength, the strength that you have accumulated, nourished and cherished through lives, the strength that you have gathered through experience. And I would strengthen your purpose which has grown, not only in a few moments in the perception of that liberation, but during the course of many æons of lives, during the structure of that edifice which we call experience



and life; and I would guide your determination so as to fortify you with your own desires, so as to strengthen you against your own weaknesses and increase your love, which must be the one outstanding feature, the one clear pool which shall reflect the skies. I would also ennoble your desires so that your building shall be complete, strong and well fortified. I would like to purify your minds and your hearts, for without crystal-like purity and great clearness you cannot perceive that goal of liberation, that truth in all its pure nakedness and in all its greatness. Above all, I would make you simple, simple as the leaf that has many winters, many springs, and many seasons behind it; for simplicity is the product of great experience, of great knowledge, of great purpose and noble desires. And that is the purpose for which I am here, that is the purpose for which you are gathered here.

Look at the secluded pond of a peaceful wood. You will find that there is a green scum on its surface, so that no animal lives inside the waters, because to live in it means death, and no animal approaches to drink of it, because its waters are poisonous and do not quench its thirst. Nor does that pool, though it be secluded in magnificent forests, reflect the trees, the skies above, nor does it reflect the light through the leaves, nor the stars of night. That pool is still and hence it stagnates, hence putrefaction sets in, hence there is no motion, no life; there is stagnation, and the breath of life does not stir it, and the pond awaits the following season for the rains, for the winds and storms that shall tear away its green scum, that shall destroy its stagnant tranquility, its peaceful putrefaction. When there are rains and storms and breezes from the skies, then the waters dance anew with life and joy. Such is the evolution of man. From stagnation to life and from life to stagnation, till he has learned that in himself dwells the power to create the storm that shall cleanse the scum off the face of the waters that defaces its beauty, till he learns that in him alone

lies the power to feed the animals that come to its borders to quench their thirst, that in him alone lies the capacity to reflect the trees and the stars and everything that passes by. And as the pond that is stirred to life through storms, through breezes, so is the evolution of man. For evolution is a process of continual change from one state to another, from one opinion to another, from one point of view to another, from one satisfaction to another, from one desire to another.

Evolution is a state of constant revolt. Though we may be satisfied, like the pond, for one season, or it may be for many seasons, and as the winds and the storms come and sweep the scum off its face, so by constant revolt, constant change, constant turmoil, do we cleanse ourselves of all diseases, desires, accumulations, loves, and affections, undergoing constant change and alteration. Evolution is intelligent revolt. The wrong kind of revolt leads to unintelligent chaos which would kill evolution.

Revolt is unintelligent when there is no thought, no purpose behind it nor the goal established; and unintelligent revolt, though it dwells in each one, though it is part of everyone, is against the law of Nature. For it does not create, it does not destroy that barrier which separates you from the truth, but on the contrary, unintelligent revolt creates more barriers, greater fortresses, greater divisions between you and your truth. Unintelligent revolt is like the child which is cruel, thoughtless and purposeless; and unintelligent revolt is intolerant because it has no purpose, because it is not directed with a tranquil mind, it is not inspired by a pure heart.

On the other hand, there is the right kind of revolt—the intelligent revolt—which is the true meaning of evolution, and that intelligent revolt is divine discontent out of which each one shall give birth to the dancing star; so that out of that revolt, out of that thoughtful, intelligent revolution, we shall build a new edifice, we shall build a new structure which will free us,



which will carry us nearer to our goal. The right kind of intelligent revolt is against satisfaction and hence stagnation; for until you have reached the absolute truth, until the Beloved dwells in you, until you have reached that stage of liberation which is the outcome of the renunciation of all things, there must be no satisfaction; and hence you will not be able to reflect the pure heavens, you will not be like the mirror which reflects the truth, which shows you your errors, your mistakes, your wrongs. Intelligent revolt must be against that narrowness of spirit which is the spirit of the bourgeois. Narrowness breeds the spirit of intolerance, the spirit which desires to convert others, the spirit of interference, the spirit which destroys beauty, friendliness and affection. True revolt of the intelligent kind must be against prejudice, for that binds, limits and stifles. When you look at the face of the mountain and there is no cloud in the sky, how beautiful it is, how calm, how serene, and the moment a cloud appears between the sun and the mountain, the face of the mountain is altered, it becomes dark, loses its beauty, its dancing ecstasy, its strength. Prejudice is as that cloud. And intelligent revolt must be against oppression that makes crooked, that warps the mind, the soul and the heart, and it must be against domination, whether it be of the wise or of the foolish, for domination breeds intolerance, the desire to convert and alter the souls of other people. Again, that spirit of intelligent revolt must be directed against dislike, hate, and self-satisfaction, for all these barriers bring about the sorrow and the suffering which are the outcome of clinging to the wheel of birth and death. Above all, if you have that intelligent revolt within you, it gives you creative energy, it gives you purpose, it gives you determination to carry out your own desires, your own ecstasies, till you have attained liberation. So evolution is intelligent revolt, and intelligent revolt, if wisely employed and used, will set you free from that wheel of life and death.

The other day I went out for a walk in the fields, and the skies were clear and there was a smile on the face of the land. It was a cloudless day and suddenly across the skies there came a big cloud chased by a strong wind, and a pigeon flew out from the trees, fighting the winds, crying, shouting for joy, flying away from the clouds. So is the liberated man; like the pigeon he is free, uncontrolled by life and death; and he is beyond the dreams of the gods themselves, because even the gods are in the clutches of life and death. And the cloud is like the unliberated man who is pushed, chased and harassed by the wheel of life and death, by that invisible wheel which goes round and round, creating sorrow and pain. Like the cloud is the unliberated—the thoughtless, the inexperienced, the ignorant and the weak—because he has not established his goal, he is uncertain of his desire, he is unsettled in his longings, and doubting the very end. As I sat down under the trees I felt like the pigeon, liberated, free and out of the clutches of the wind; and of that freedom I am certain, because, when once you have entered into that kingdom, opened those gates which lead to that peace which is liberation, there is no longer any doubt of the goal, no longer any doubt of your own strength, of your own creative energies, of your own fulfilment.

Since I have attained—I say this not to convince you, not to bias you, not to make you change your opinions or to alter your attitude—since I have entered this liberation, since I have drunk of that fountain of delight, I would naturally make you enjoy the freshness, the clearness, and the beauty of this vision, as the bird freed from the cage enjoys the open sky. I would destroy, if I could, your karma, for you are bound by karma as a bird caught in a net and transported and held in a cage. My desire is not to force you in any one particular direction, for liberation is the end for all, whether he be of one type or temperament or another, of one sect or another, of one class or another, superior



or inferior, whether he be born white or of any other color. Liberation from all things—from all passing joys—from all fleeting pleasures, from all small feeling—liberation which is certain, which is eternal. I would desire to give you that happiness and to help you in stopping that wheel for yourselves; but as I have said before, I cannot stop your wheel of life and death, but only in yourselves must be born the determination to stop those spokes which are like fierce arrows creating pain and pleasure. Because the little "I" that existed in me for so many lives, for so many generations, because that little self has been consumed by the fire and the love of my Beloved, I would share with you, I would give you that love, so that it shall be established in each one of you, so that no passing winds shall chase you in a direction you do not desire to go. The world with its unhappiness, its fierce anxieties, great agonies, its love and hate, is bound to the wheel, like every one of you. Unless you have attained that liberation, you are no different from others, though you may have a bigger vision. You, like the rest of the world, are caught in a net, and I would destroy that net. It is my purpose, not to make you drink at the fountain of another, not to make you delight in the particular garden of my creation, but to make you certain of your own end, the end which is mine and which also belongs to everyone else. As my Beloved holds me—of that I am certain—so, if you would attain that liberation, you must hold me in your heart, you must keep that liberation ever bright, ever enticing, ever strong in your heart, for there is no other Teacher, no other goal, no other end. He who has attained that end becomes the Teacher, like myself. And because of that certainty which I feel, because of that delight which I feel, because of that love which I bear, I would give to you who are still hesitating, who are still uncertain, still groping in the dark, that certainty, that light which shall free you. That is the purpose of any Teacher, that is the

purpose of the Greatest of Teachers.

My purpose then is to destroy the barrier which separates, which divides all people from their goal, from their desire, from their uncertainty, that barrier which is the result of ignorance, of narrowness, and prejudice. To understand this and to destroy this barrier which exists between you and your goal, between you and your happiness, you need no mediators, no interpreters between you and myself, you need no gods, you need no temples. All those are external things, and when once you have the real desire born within you, as the scent is born in the flower, there is no doubt, no question, no shadow to darken your vision. And in order to awaken that beauty in you, to enkindle that fire which shall never be quenched by a passing interpreter, by a passing mediator, by passing clouds across the face of the sky, I would establish, I would awaken that desire, that truth in each one of you, so that in your turn you may become the liberator, become the teacher, so that the world shall be made happy. That is the purpose of being liberated, that is the purpose of attainment.

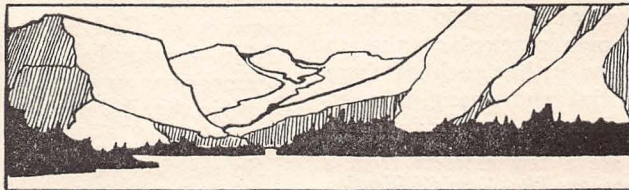
I am here to build the bridge which shall bring you to the goal, so that with your own strength, with your own determination, with your own longing, with your own experience, and with your own anxiety to attain liberation, you in your turn, shall work to build. You must have this desire to attain liberation and perfection, to escape from the wheel of life and death; but it must be your own desire, your own longing and not that of another; for if it is of another you will be like the thoughtless, the inexperienced, the unintelligent, you will be swayed by the pangs and joys of another. So, to annihilate the narrowness and limitations and the barriers that exist between you and the truth of liberation, you must look to the causes, you must find out not the mere surface reasons, not the mere superficial doubts and questions, but you must go to the very source, to the very root of sorrow, which is the self. It is the self which



keeps everyone from liberation, it is the self which acts as a barrier, which binds and limits him and hides the glory of liberation. Unless this self is destroyed, unless it is annihilated utterly, it remains as the cause of karma. The destruction of karma and the destruction of the self, free you from the wheel of birth and death, from sorrow and pain, from passing joys and pleasures, from continual change, from eternal restlessness. It is the self which keeps you wandering on the face of the earth life after life, like the beggar from house to house, crying, longing for that liberation which shall set you free.

As I explained before, revolt when properly used, when intelligently carried out, helps to destroy narrowness, limitation, restrictions, and one-sided development. Intelligent revolt is necessary in order to destroy karma. In every human being there is revolt against something, but in the majority of cases it is misguided, it is uncontrolled, and then it becomes stereotyped. If you go to any school where there are young people gathered together, there is always revolt against the existing order of things, but their revolt is blind and without purpose. A river that comes from the mountains, bounding over every rock, unless it is controlled, unless it is guided, will not help to make man happy; but the moment it is controlled, the moment it is guided, and the moment dams are built for the welfare of men, then that

river becomes useful. Likewise with revolt, intelligent and unintelligent. Intelligence is the outcome of the experience you have gathered life after life, it is the outcome of your past sorrows, pains struggles, and joys, and the residue of all experience. So when you combine intelligence with revolt, you begin to stir up and destroy all those little places where the self is hidden, as when the pond is stirred constantly it throws up its impurities to the surface and they are burned away by the sun, by the passing wind. By revolt you stir up your self and expose it to your intelligence and thus begin to destroy it. Some must go on acquiring experience life after life, others perceive the end and are consumed by the goal; but wherever you are, you cannot attain liberation without going through experience. You cannot enter the flame and be consumed by that flame, which is the essence of intelligence, which is the essence of liberation, until you are rich in experience. As I have entered into that flame, as I have become part of it by the destruction of the self, so everyone who desires to attain liberation must have that immense longing to destroy the self, and this can only be done by constant examination, constant exposure to the sun and the wind. It is in perceiving the end that your desire grows so strong that you become the very end itself, you become part of the flame, and hence can kindle in everyone the light and so destroy their little selves.





# \*The New Civilization

Dr. Annie Besant



IN my first lecture I pointed out two very opposite dangers which threatened respectively America and Europe. In Europe we had the excess, the terrible excess, of poverty; in America, what may sound strange to you, the excess of wealth. Both of these act as a practical cancer to civilization, the one by reducing large numbers of people to a constant struggle to exist—I do not say to live, but to exist; the other bringing a satiety which leads to a constant attempt to find new excitement, of living on the surface of things, of seeking satisfaction in ever greater and greater excitement, even in the excitement of crime.

Today I am to deal with the first of the three great departments of human life which affect every human being; and however much you may subdivide them they remain, I think, fundamentally three in number. The first of those, as I have put their order, is Religion. The work of religion, I shall submit to you, is to change our attitude and object in life, to seek unselfish, rather than selfish, ideals, and unselfishness ever widening out into larger and larger circles, until at last it shall embrace in one mighty Brotherhood everything that lives. . . .

Naturally, we ought to begin with a clear understanding of what we mean by religion. Do we mean by it only the various religions of the world, each of them with its own particular value to those who follow it, but each of them necessarily partial and changing with

the changes of the generations of men? I should define religion as that inner urge that we find in the human being to realize that life which is the life of God in man, the God within the man, cramped and cabined by his material surroundings, reaching out, as it were, to the God outside him, universally enveloping him as well as entering him, called often in Philosophy, God Immanent in the first case, Transcendent in the second case.

If it be true that there is but one Life, that that one Life is the all-enveloping power outside which nothing can exist, then it is fairly clear that that life abiding in the heart of a rational and emotional being, a being also of activities whereby he is affecting the material world around him, that that God within must necessarily be forever striving to reunite Himself, as it were, with the God around. And so, wherever you find the human race, except for brief periods which soon slay themselves by their own excesses, we find this seeking after God, this urge, as I have called it, of the God within to satisfy Himself by reunion with the God around him, the God in his fellow-creatures, as well as the transcendent Life that includes all things.

That to me is what I mean by religion, this inner urge to know the greater Self. But the religions of the world might fairly be regarded as the answers of God without to this urge within the members of the human race—temporary answers, differing in much of their detail, but ever with the same love without, seeking the love within.

So we find that with each great human type, a separate religion appears, and we can trace them down through the ages, one in their essence but each with its own symbology, each with its own dominant virtue, adding to that great garland of symbology and of virtues which we find when we realize the

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\*The above are a few extracts from a series of lectures on *The New Civilization* given by Dr. Besant recently in London, Eng. They are published in book form and are on sale at the Theosophical Headquarters, Wheaton, Ill. Price \$1.00. No student who wishes to keep pace with the ideals of the future should be without this important and illuminating set of lectures. Ed.



inner oneness and the outer differences of the religions of our world. . . . We can find in each as well that that note exists in man as well as in the world around him, and that each religion has its own specific dominant virtue, adding to the growing possibilities of the human race.

Seeing that Unity amid diversity, seeing these gradual additions to the religious wealth of the world, the next thing is to pierce that diversity and find the inner Unity of all these different faiths. As we look at them from that standpoint, then it is that we begin to realize that all these religions are only differing answers from the one religion. We see in each of these the Unity which it shares with everyone of its fellow-faiths. And the first point in that Unity is the *Immanence and Transcendence of God*. Then we find, following that, the *Perfectibility of Humanity* as the goal of these divine lives in all the world. Then next we see that if perfection is to be the goal, life after life must follow, ever growing in greatness, in radiance, and in strength. And so, in every great religion, we find that third common truth of Reincarnation. And then, in order that these lives may be orderly and successful, we find that the life period is distributed through three worlds, the physical, the intermediate, and the heavenly, and that in the physical, man gathers experience—experience of good and evil—but experience of every type and kind of life; that he gathers up that experience and carries it with him through the gateway of death. Then in the intermediate world we find that some of the experience has sorrow at its heart, because it is against the order of the universe and the beauty of the universe; that that bears its natural fruit of dissatisfaction and craving; dissatisfaction because in that subtler world the body has disintegrated and the cravings of the body can find no satisfaction there; and then a gradual withdrawal from such experience as “evil,” and the storing of that withdrawal as part of the conscience of the future.

And then next there is the passing on

of those who have gathered experiences in the physical world and have separated them into good and evil in the intermediate world, to a long productive Heaven-world, where all the useful experience is woven into character, where the germs of faculties grow and are ready to bud into flower, where every noble aspiration becomes a capacity to achieve, every high thought becomes a faculty of the mind that shall be re-embodied in the physical world, every longing to help and to succor becomes that love which lasts, which death cannot touch or injure, becomes a deeper passion, a stronger emotion, a more compelling enthusiasm; so that after every leaving of that native land of ours, the Heaven-world, we come back from that long sojourn, back from that long weaving of experience into power, we come back again into the physical world with the germs of the faculties we have created out of experience within us, to be developed by a short life-period in the physical world. And so there is the turning over and over again of the wheel of births and deaths. That great doctrine, that great gospel of hope for every man, the certainty of perfection, no matter how he tries and fails and struggles, that has been part of the heart of every great religion, obscured only for a few centuries in the life of Christendom for a very definite reason. The special work that had to be carried on in Christendom was to bring out creative activity, was to teach great lessons of activity as service, through that sub-race especially to which this work was confided. . . .

And today from every side you can hear the statement of this idea of a continuing soul passing from life to life, growing, increasing, working for perfection; as was said by one professor, it is the only rational theory of immortality; it is recognized as the one great gospel of hope, that however low we may be at the moment, we shall at last attain that perfection which the Christ commanded when He told His followers: “Be ye therefore perfect



even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." You know everyone of you well enough that in this one brief life you cannot gain perfection. You know that with our vagrant thoughts, our unruly emotions, our activities so often stained with selfishness and greed, that we cannot gain Divine perfection before we pass out of this life, although the Christ whom Christendom worships as God, commands that His followers should reach that point. Only through Reincarnation can you obey Him. Only through Reincarnation can you prove His command to be possible of fulfilment.

And these great basic truths are the truths that all religions have, and they all lead us up from the Unity of life to the Brotherhood of all that lives; that is the end which they seek to substitute for selfish striving, for individual gain at the loss of others, the Fatherhood of the one Life, the Brotherhood of all that lives; that is the attitude of all religions to the world. These basic truths are the foundation of their Unity.

And so we have—what has been called in America at the same time that the Theosophical Society was proclaiming that Unity in Asia—so we have the thought which is expressed by the words "The Fellowship of Faiths;" the Fellowship is proved by their unity of origin, their sufficiency, at different stages of human progress, for those to whom they were given.

And that Fellowship of Faiths will be a central characteristic of the New Civilization. That means that religious quarrels will find their ending, that religious wars will be looked upon as the worst of crimes, that instead of fear and distrust and even hatred between the members of these different faiths, all shall recognize the Fellowship, that they shall be as many jewels in a single diadem, many pearls in a great necklace round the neck of humanity.

And in the New Civilization, this Fellowship will develop and grow—not suddenly, there are no such sudden leaps in nature, but there will be a steady growth in that direction, and you

can see the beginning of that around you at the present day. . . .

Passing from that we may ask what will be the next great feature of religion in the New Civilization. Knowledge, I think, rather than faith. Of that there are already signs. For that new race of which I have so often spoken is, as you know, developing a quality of intuition, that which Bergson pointed out as more allied to instinct, inherited experience, than to the reasoning faculty in man. And you should take the inherited experience as the experience inherited from one life after another, until that inherited experience shows itself as the life-product which we call instinct, which does not need experience before it causes action, which does not need reasoning before it acts; that is a life-preserving instinct in its lower forms; it is a truth-revealing intuition as it shows itself beyond the reasoning faculty and intellect in man. . . .

I spoke to you, I think, last year on that great Science which is called the Science of Yoga, the union of the human Spirit with the Divine Life, self-consciously attained. That is won by using the laws of the mind as we know them, just as a gardener desiring to produce finer flowers uses the laws of natural growth in the vegetable kingdom, eliminating those that are against his aim, and using untrammelled those that produce the result that he desires in the flower which he sees in idea before he is able to produce it in vegetable matter. So it is that we may work with mind as he works with the vegetable kingdom. We may develop from the resources of our own higher nature, drawing down by the laws in which we live those higher powers that we desire to make available in the world, in which our great work is the spiritualizing of matter and the making of matter the obedient servant and instrument of Spirit. So, if you choose, by hard work—and certainly by a good deal of what may be looked on as self-denial, save that nothing should be called by that name which leads us to the object which we will to achieve—we find it is possible to develop this intuition ahead



of our race; and so we attain the knowledge of the eternal verities before that knowledge is reached by the average evolution, which only works slowly by the many workings and antagonisms in nature; whereas evolution can work more rapidly when the antagonisms are eliminated and the powers we desire to develop are given their full scope. And in this Science of Yoga, there are, as you know, two distinct paths very well explained. They both seek the same goal and they both seek to bring human consciousness to the Real and the Eternal—two names really only for one great truth. The mystic finds it by plunging down into the depths of his own nature, putting aside everything that is passing, everything that is transient, everything that is temporary. . . . And so he who follows the mystic path puts aside all these changing things, and they become to him indifferent. He does not seek pleasure if it is not there. He does not reject it if it is there. He takes the things as they come and go, the contacts of matter impermanent, with that higher indifference which rejects naught and desires naught, to which nothing is alien. And so, putting aside the transitory, one thing after another, that which is in the cravings of the body, that which is in the satisfactions of the emotions, that which is in the thoughts of the mind, he goes down into the depths of his own nature and finds at its very center the Life of God. A solitary path, for none may help him in it. A path often misunderstood, because as he treads it he seems strange and self-contradictory. And when he finds his goal, silence is all that he can show to the outer world. Philosophy can explain itself, metaphysic can explain itself, all that the mind constructs by the mind can be understood. But that Supreme which is the Reality, that Supreme which is the Eternal, from that it is written the intellect sinks back silent, and in that silence the great truth is found.

The path of the occultist differs very much from that, though it leads to the same goal. For men's temperaments are so different. The occultist seeks to

learn and to amass knowledge, so that by gaining knowledge all the powers of nature may come within his grasp. So for the occultist it is possible that he may take the left-hand path rather than the right. His road branches off into those two ways, the path of the mystic is but one. For if there be in the occultist the desire to possess, if he does not purge himself of all desire for aught but service, if he does not from his heart tear out the root of selfishness and seek only the larger hope, the God in all, then his path is a path of terrible danger.

But if he has learned that greatest of all lessons, the longing to serve the larger life; if he only desires power that he may help the weak; righteousness that he may help the unrighteous; purity that he may help the impure; everything in order that he may give of himself to help his brother, then his path will climb the high mountain peak, and he will become one of the great helpers of the world. Along that path as well as along the mystic, feet have trodden of our own humanity. And in the New Civilization as it grows and buds, there will be many mystics and many occultists in advance of their race. For wisdom is wanted to build the material fabric of that Civilization as well as that union with the Divine which sheds the radiance of Divinity on the paths which are trodden by men. So we shall find in the New Civilization the same great truths which are the heart of every religion, but we shall also find faith more and more replaced by knowledge, as I said. And so the evolution of the people shall be quickened and the darkness of ignorance shall pass more and more away from our world.

The condition of this growth is, I just said, *Service*. And the way to learn to love service, to learn to find in it the one satisfaction that makes life worth living, is to strive to share with others the things that you already have. It means that you are continually pouring out all that you possess, and that when you have poured it out, there flows from above—from the inexhaus-



tible reservoir of God Himself—into your empty hands there pours down the power of the Godhead. And that is the aim of the occultist, that he may spread that power over the whole of the world, that in silence and in secret he may send out thoughts, thoughts that are powers, in order that the Civilization in which he lives may be saved from its dangers and helped to all that is good. For even in this stage of our world that can be done to some extent. This ought not to be a wonderful thing to you, nor a thing incredible, when you see how even the ordinary scientist has found out that these powers largely exist, and that he can utilize the subtler powers that have been discovered in order to spread human thought and human knowledge.

Even now you can do much by the deliberate use of your thought-power. . . . And when many join together in combination to use that thought-power, when many congregating together work along the same lines in order that the power may be well directed, when the human will, which is our highest and divinest power, directs the way in which that current shall travel, do you wonder then that great changes may be made even by comparatively a few people together using the power? That is the power used by the Inner Government of the world, subject to conditions. For all Nature's laws have to be obeyed. Knowledge is learned by obedience and not by disobedience to law. But if there were many of us, friends, who had the courage and the knowledge to tread this difficult path of the occultist, then we might change the face of Europe and save it from the dangers that menace it today. I do not know that there is yet time enough to do it. I do not know

that there are enough of us, so we must put our strength together to accomplish as much of the purpose as we can; but in the New Civilization which is dawning, in the New Civilization that is beginning to appear, although still veiled and incomplete, in that Civilization the power of thought will be acknowledged and the outer Civilization will be shaped by the thoughts of the noblest and the best. And in order that we may share in laying its foundations, in order that our knowledge may not remain without its fruit, in order that we may learn something of what the future may be, and use our dawning powers to hasten its coming, shall not some persons be found who will put, not only their country, but the world, before their individual gain and interest, some who will throw away the transient and work in the Eternal, and in that way become helpers, a benediction to the world?

That is the thought I will leave with you as the outcome of our thinking of the new religion in the New Civilization. The new religion will be a religion of sacrifice prompted by love and guided by knowledge. The new religion will have as one of its mottoes the phrase voiced by my friend William Stead and myself for a smaller effort, "The union of all who love in the service of all who suffer." That is one of the ideals that we shall strive to realize. For *that* we seek the powers by which we may help our race. And those who seek honestly shall find; those who give the fourfold knock, the knock of the Cross of Sacrifice on the closed door, to them that door will be opened; and by them the foundations of the New Civilization will be laid.

## I Am Deathless

*I know I am deathless.*

*I know that this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass;*

*And whether I come to my own today,*

*Or in ten thousand or ten million years,*

*I can cheerfully take it now or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.*

... Walt Whitman



# The Black Lacquer Chest

Claude Bragdon



HIS is a "ghost story," as faint and evanescent as breath on a window pane; and—to carry out the figure—that pane was the consciousness of a woman through which shone at times a light that never was on sea or land, a pane upon which appeared strange images etched there by some lightning science knows not of. This is just one of those images, the most amazing, sweet, sad, and wistful of them all.

My wife was a psychic—I loathe the word with all its shifty, shabby connotations, and she hated it as much as I. But her psychism is part of the story, the plate, as it were, on which the image was imprinted, therefore I must begin with that. How shall I describe this faculty, as much a part of her as her olive pallor or her crow-black hair? Like Socrates, who had his *daemon* she felt that she too had a familiar spirit, guardian angel, guide, philosopher, I know not how to name it or describe it, but she called it her oracle. To her it was in a sense both master and servant, for on her part she obeyed it implicitly, and in return it told her anything she wanted to know or understand—where to go, what to do, where lost things were hidden, what absent friends were doing at the moment, the sort of person so and so might be, what would follow from this or that. It unlocked the door to the past, it even raised the curtain on the future and in all the seven years my bird-wife and I lived together I do not recall a single instance in which her oracle played her false.

The method of communication was by automatic writing, and in a script entirely different from her ordinary hand. They lie before me as I write, "The documents in the case of the black lacquer chest" as I might call them, a

scant sheaf of sandal-wood scented papers already faintly yellowed at the edges although the writing is scarcely twelve years old. There are the familiar delicate round back-hand of the message proper, and the angular inclined script of her own annotations giving the subject and the date. April twenty-nine, nineteen hundred and sixteen is the earliest. At that time we were living in the outskirts of a western New York city, in a bird-haunted park, the last little remnant of a forest primæval that had miraculously escaped the woodman's axe. From that high eyrie we were wont to descend upon the city of business or on pleasure bent. One of the favorite haunts of our leisure was a little shop kept by two women, where could be purchased at reasonable prices the products and spoils of far-away "heathen" lands, supplied for the most part by Christian missionaries who eked out their scant incomes by these means.

It was there that we discovered the black lacquer chest. The shop-owners had bought it in a neighboring town, where it had lain for seventy-five years at least, in the attic of one of the old houses. It had been brought to this country by a seaman and given to his mother. He told her that it was worth enough money to pay all her debts. It was sold at auction, after her death.

It was an oblong box of a size and weight not too great to be easily lifted by a lady into her lap, the outside bearing intricate designs, containing figures, all in gold, the base and cornice richly decorated, and the whole supported on four small carved feet. Clearly it was a woman's work-box, for inside was a tray full of odd shaped implements for sewing and embroidering exquisitely carved in ivory, and along with these, in incongruous juxtaposition, was a mother-of-pearl crucifix—Spanish, six-



teenth century, I should say at a guess. With this exception, the chest and everything in it appeared to be of Chinese design and workmanship, one of those little masterpieces of inspired craftsmanship of the sort to excite the cupidity of collectors—a "museum piece" in point of fact.

My wife was fascinated with this beautiful object, so redolent of the perfume of the East and of the past, but the price asked, though far below the real value, was prohibitive so far as we were concerned, and we relinquished the hope of possessing it ourselves. It so happened however that a rich bachelor, a dear friend of us both, having searched vainly in the New York shops for a present for a bride, at whose wedding he was to be the grooms's best man, asked our advice and help. We immediately suggested the black lacquer box. He was charmed with the idea, and with the thing itself. It passed, in this way, out of our ken—all save the Spanish crucifix, which we accepted as a gift from our friend.

But in the interval between the discovery of the chest and its final disposition we obtained with the aid of the oracle what I suppose would be called its "psychometric record," and this, exactly, is my story—shadowy, slight, inconclusive as a story, but perhaps a thread connecting past and present, this world and some other, like a cobweb across a crevasse.

The first thing my wife did, after she had seen the chest was to ask her oracle about it, and this is what her hand wrote down:

*Eugenie, the box contained the belongings of a person to whom you were deeply attached, and it has come again into your life as a link by which the spirit of the past may hold you to the path you trod then, and which alone can lead you to the light.*

Then something happened entirely foreign to all our experience with the oracle: this "person," in the midst of the next message, assumes the role of protagonist and tells her own story.

*Zanner was her name: a beautiful child, a woman lost in a land of strangers, she longed with the deep despair of the children of men for the home of her fathers.*

\* \* \*

*Let your thoughts follow full carefully that you confuse not my meaning. The box was the gift of my father to me on the day we celebrate as birthday, for it is when the age of womanhood is opening. It held the forms of my youth so sweet in their innocence. And then they dragged me away and sold me, the beautiful daughter of Humas. Full Hindu I was, but the gift of my father was the artist's work of another land. Men of great skill came to us. It was made full three hundred and more years ago. It was stolen from my home in the land of the Samurai.*

This sent us to a more careful examination of the chest, and we found that the decorations consisted of representations of a family life amid refined surroundings—what might very well have been the artist's idea of a birthday party, in point of fact. The workmanship was evidently Chinese, but the scenery, people and costumes were not characteristic of that country. We were confused, too, by the reference to "the land of the Samurai," and asked for further enlightenment. As before, the oracle speaks first, and then the girl herself takes up the tale:

*The box will reveal itself. You confused our meaning. She was a full Hindu in the land of the Samurai. Her father was there to represent. . . .*

\* \* \*

*The box was made in India by a Chinese artist. My father went as a royal messenger to Japan. Full some years we dwelt there because a great fear was upon my father to return; fear for his life was of his brother, who hated my father. Humas was the son of a prince high in power. In that land I was very happy, but afterwards my father*



*was killed and I was stolen away and sold to a prince of India, who treated me as a woman condemned. The time of my death is recorded in the land of my birth, for I was great, and even in my fallen state I was remembered. Houmas was the name of my father. Full of memories sweet and sad I suffered long imprisonment, and it was stolen by strangers from another land. Fear, full, terrible I knew. . . .*

The concluding message is in the nature of a lament, casting upon the darkness of our ignorance a final lurid gleam, and constituting a plea for peace on earth on entirely novel grounds:

*It is pain to think in form of words. If the earth were at peace my soul could rest, but I suffer for the pain of the struggling souls that surround me.*

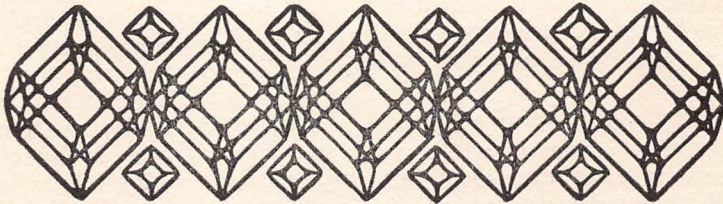
Thereafter, upon the subject of this mystery, the oracle was mute, but it had this to tell us about the mother-of-pearl crucifix:

*The crucifix is one that was given to a man known in the East as a great follower of the light that shines within, for he held great power over the Christian Chinese. He was of the country, but became, at great sacrifice, a priest of the church.*

These constitute "the documents in the case." Are they of any evidential value? That is to say, is this a gleam lighting up some "dark backward and abysm of time," having reference to ac-

tual events and real personages, or are these merely the vaporings of some subliminal self, set in motion by memory or suggestion, as unfounded and irresponsible as those dreams which arise as a result of the dramatic sundering of the ego during sleep? I can offer no certain evidence of the truth of the former hypothesis, though such evidence may somewhere exist. But Zanner's story fits fairly well into the place and period to which she has assigned it. "Full three hundred and more years ago" in the history of India takes us into the reign of the Mogul emperors, where in 1530 Humaïoun (Humaïous, Humayun, Huma, Umar, according to different spellings) succeeded to the throne of Baber. Here was a prince who spent his life in agitation or in exile, by reason of his fear of Karman his brother, and he is known to have had, by various wives, a number of daughters, but there is no record of his having gone to Japan, Persia having been the place of his ten-year exile.

And so my story must end with a question mark, and on a rising inflection. This may disappoint the literal minded, and those seeking evidence of the persistence of consciousness beyond the grave. But to me, and I hope to some who may read these pages, Zanner lives like a sweet, sad strain of music, haunting the memory, because "it hath a dying fall." Out of the so-called subconscious she flashes forth like a silver fish momentarily hooked from out some deep river—she is beautiful, she suffers, she is gone.





# Abolish the Death Penalty

Will Durant, Ph. D.



COME, let us go this morning not to the trial of a murderer but to Sing Sing. An execution is scheduled there today. Seats are provided for us and for certain important personages, so that we may witness in comfort and ease the climax of civilization. We are a little ashamed of the motives that have brought us, and we sit for the most part in silence, looking at the chair. The light is dim, but every relevant detail is visible. It is a clumsy mechanism, this final chapter of so many adventurous lives. Thick arms and legs, and solid seat; and everywhere straps and fastenings to make it all inescapably secure. And wires that lead mysteriously from the chair into a room that we cannot see. There is a little delay, and we grow impatient, but, all in all, the condemned man keeps with reasonable promptness his rendezvous with death. The chaplain comes first, praying God to have pity where society had none.

The prisoner hardly walks in; he is lifted along by strong men on either arm. He is trembling from head to foot, moaning and praying; and when they let him speak he begs wildly for mercy. But they close his mouth and force him into the chair. He struggles, but he has been weakened by days of anticipation and nights of sleeplessness; there is little of him left to die. They strap him down, body and head and limbs, and adjust the wires that shall bring the great emancipator, electricity, to freeze his blood in death. To the last moment he strains at his bonds and strives to speak. His face writhes with suffering and horror.

The attendants step carefully aside.

Suddenly the imprisoned body plunges forward as if catapulted into the air; all its muscles are strained to the utmost, and every drop of agitated blood rushes to strengthen them; surely those bonds will snap, and this man,

whom we are killing ruthlessly, will leap upon us and slay us all.

Then the noise of the current is stilled. . . . A doctor bends over him for a moment and reports that the heart is beating faintly, and that there is a slight twitching of the lips. The current is turned on again. Then once more the current dies away, and the law has taken a life for a life, and society is revenged. And though they are tumbling his blackened body roughly from the chair, the prisoner has found eternal peace.

Outside the jail his mother waits to claim him.

Nevertheless, you say, this man was guilty. Certainly; which of us is not? Which of us would be alive if all his crimes had been detected and all his sins had received their punishment?

Goethe said he had never heard of a crime which he could not imagine himself committing, and of which he had not the roots in his own heart. We are such stuff as jails are full of, but our courage failed.

## *Three Stages in the History of Punishment*

There are three stages in the history of punishment. It began as revenge, it continues as a deterrent, it will evolve into education. Society killed originally because it wished to wreak vengeance upon one who had wronged it. Very often the society was personified in some exalted individual, some Excellency or Majesty, whose revenge was hot with fear. Great elephants were used to stamp their mighty feet into the victim's face, or crush his bones into atonement. There is an instinct of cruelty in us that lingers from the hunting stage of mankind's infancy and gives us a stealthy delight in thoughts and acts of torture. The Inquisition was popular not with the Papacy, which protested against its methods, but with the crowd, which loved to witness suffering.



See in the museums of Germany the iron instruments used to eradicate heresy from the growing soul of Europe. Read in the history of England how scores of crimes were subject to capital punishment till less than a century ago; how a child of nine was hanged for stealing a few pennyworth of paint; how men were put to death for the theft of a shilling, or a sheep, or a letter from the mail. Stand in the streets of Paris and, with the mind's eye, see how littered they are with the corpses of those who have been killed by a hundred governments. We are a noble and a cruel race.

But cruelty is always a sign of cowardice and fear. As social organization becomes stronger and life is more secure, fear decreases and penalties become less severe. Capital punishment was the natural expression of primitive and precarious states whose facilities for education were too narrow to develop in their citizens the moral and intellectual refinement that makes harsh laws superfluous.

#### *Public Opinion Ahead of Law*

How significant it is that intelligent juries are hard to find today, precisely for the reason that educated men and women are revolted by the anachronistic barbarism of legal revenge! Nobody believes in capital punishment now except the murderers. Public opinion is ahead of the law; for opinion has been partly moulded by the gentleness of Christ, while the law takes its precedents from stern, imperial Rome. It is with the law as with theology; our moral development has left both of them straggling and befuddled in the rear.

The same refinement of feeling that makes hell an incredible dogma today will make capital punishment a savage survival tomorrow.

Consider the irrevocableness of death, and recall how many times men have been proved innocent when it was too late. . . .

#### *Will Abolition Increase Crime?*

Would not the abolition of capital punishment stimulate the growth of crime?

Strange to say, wherever this next step in civilization has been taken murders have decreased.

"Throughout Sweden," says a dispatch of April 16, 1927, "there has been in recent years a steady decrease in prisoners detained for serious offences. Capital punishment has been abolished for six years, and no one has actually been executed since 1914. Yet the number of lifetime prisoners is only twenty-one in the entire country. The ancient city of Visby is confronted by idle keepers and an empty jail."

Italy (supposedly violent Italy), Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Holland, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Brazil, Venezuela, the Argentine, Central America, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Rhode Island, Kansas, Maine, —these nations and states have put an end to capital punishment. Are we so much more criminal and barbarous than they are that we dare not be equally humane? Are we less civilized than South America?

As always at murder trials, it is the mob that cries for blood. A hymn of hate rises from the streets and calls for new murders, brutal movies made respectable by law. At the trial of Ruth Snyder the crowd yawned and laughed in her face as she fought for life. Yes, doubtless she was lying; but she was suffering, too.

What a marvel it is that the human mind can bear the strain of murder, concealment, questioning, infinite, relentless questioning, without breaking to pieces! There is a certain grandeur in this suffering, as of some bitter Nemesis executing justice in a play; and a civilized soul could no more laugh at this woman, stretched and broken under the guillotine, than at blind and fallen Oedipus following Antigone out of Thebes. Those who laughed so— are they not just the sort that, given an opportunity and circumstance, would commit crimes as dastardly as this?

What shall we do, then? Let the murderers go? No. Punish them? No; let nature punish; perhaps already she has punished them ruthlessly. Let us



heal them. Let us say to them: *"You are horribly guilty, guiltier than Cain, who slew in anger and not in greed. But we shall not kill you. For your mothers' sake, and your children's sake, and above all, for our own sake, we shall not kill you. We shall not further break these poor women who gave you birth; we shall not ruin the lives of helpless children with the burning memory of your execution. And ye shall not soil our own souls with your blood."*

*"Rather we shall send you, separately, and for life, to farms safely isolated from the society whose security you threaten. Impassable walls shall surround you, and you shall labor there to the end of your days. Your toil will be paid for, but only to the families you have left bereaved. You shall never know liberty again, nor the happiness of a home, nor the comradeship of a tested love, nor the laughter of children welcoming you from your work. But you will live in the open air, still knowing the sun and the stars; you will till the soil and make wholesome things grow out of the earth. Perhaps at last life and time will heal you and peace will come to you again."*

#### *Would a Life Sentence Deter?*

Yes, it is a precarious proposal. Would criminals be as much deterred by the prospect of so humane an incarceration as they are by the fear of death?

The decrease of crime, where the ultimate penalty has been withdrawn, (though countless other factors enter into that decrease) would warrant us in wondering whether the criminal thinks of penalties at all.

Even in undertaking crime the offender risks his life, and if he will risk it in the present, how shall he be deterred by its problematical risk in the distant future?

The mind that will stoop to crime is for the most part incapable of the calm judgment that weighs consequences and probabilities; it is passion, not thought, that slays; and passion cannot think.

The horrors of execution never come to the mind until it is too late.

What drives men on, besides the inundations of desire, is not the prospect of mercy, but the hope that they may escape detection; or that, detected, they may elude conviction.

It is not the leniency of the courts that gives encouragement to crime, but corruption among the police, and the labyrinthine intricacies of the law. Quick detection and prompt conviction would do more to cleanse our cities of their criminals than barbarous sentences revengefully enforced. It is not more prohibitions that we need, nor greater penalties; it is the lavish dissemination of the moral and intellectual heritage of mankind.

#### *The Quality of Mercy.*

For nineteen hundred years we have pretended to be Christians, but we have not yet yielded our right to kill. What hypocrites we are, who persecute men for doubting Christianity and ridicule men for practicing it! Are we not civilized enough, socially organized enough, morally developed enough, to let violence disappear from our law, as it is disappearing from our religion and our lives? It is not true that crime at the present time is greater than before; it is incomparably less. Granted that we would run some risk in daring this new advance; but, if we are brave enough to scale the highest mountain tops, and outsoar the eagle, and ride in the depths of the sea, shall we lack the courage to be lenient to our enemies?

Once a hundred crimes were punished with death; then fifty, then twenty; now one. Let us make the record clean. Let us complete this moral evolution, and climb another step to civilization. Let us rid our souls of this last vestige of cannibalism. Let us take our lives in our hands, and gamble on the wisdom of Christ.

(This article is reproduced through the courtesy of the *New York Telegram*.)



## From the Editors

We are very happy to announce that our magazine is now being read in forty-seven countries and fourteen languages. It is most important that our readers realize this fact, otherwise they will not understand the changes in it that naturally must take place from time to time. Changes for its betterment are signs of its progress, and no doubt our readers will rejoice with us that the magazine is making progress, making it rapidly.

Its mission is to spread the Truth, concentrating especially on Krishnaji's teachings, and that mission makes a demand upon everything and anything that can lend legitimate aid to the vital importance of its fulfillment.

We make this explanation because there are some radical changes in this present issue and we desire the sympathetic coöperation of the friends of the magazine. For instance:

**THE COVER:** Many of the best periodicals change the color of the covers monthly, as this has been found to create an ever-increasing interest and appeal. And since *The Star* is to be sold on the newsstands, side by side with the standard magazines of the present, it must keep pace with the most advanced practices of good journalism. There will be placed on the cover the an-

nouncement of several articles of prominence, so that they may attract the interest of the passer-by.

**ILLUSTRATIONS:** There are also changes within the pages of the magazine. At the present time we are limited to a certain number of pages only, and it has been decided to conserve more of the space heretofore given to illustrations and devote it to the general reading matter until such time as we can afford to expand the magazine.

**ARTICLES:** In regard to the articles which our contributors so kindly send from time to time, it is well to let them know that the policy of the magazine is to spread the general principles of Truth and not the particular personal beliefs of individuals, societies, or creeds. Krishnaji tells us that Truth, when it becomes too crystallized and narrowed down into limitations, loses very much of its pristine value, and therefore it is our desire that all articles should explain only how the general principles of Truth may be practically applied and how the spiritual needs of humanity may be wisely met.

Next month we shall outline in greater detail the policy of *The Star* as a world-magazine, and how its readers may more fully coöperate in its sacred mission.





# Spiritual Perception

John A. Ingelman



**A**BOUT April 7th, Krishnaji arrives on American soil in New York. The heart of every true Star follower expands with joy at that great tidings.

It is evident that there is a fair number amongst our readers who are still doubtful, still questioning whether the World-Teacher is manifesting through Krishnaji. Those of our readers who already feel convinced of this fact do wholeheartedly sympathize and understand the hesitancy and difficulty of their brothers. They know well that the road to certainty and truth lies inside the very heart of every single brother alone, and is not found in outer authority.

For many, the Spirit manifest in Krishnaji's latest addresses published in book form have been a conclusive proof. They have carried with them a power so potent, a radiance so great, that the reader has been lifted out of his prison-house of form up into spiritual realms, where he has glimpsed his own soul's ecstasy in communion with the sublime Life of the Beloved. Now we are offered the priceless privilege of meeting the Beloved face to face, to see and hear and realize for ourselves.

May we all be granted the requisite spiritual perception, so that when we judge for ourselves—as everyone is bound to do—our own personalities, with their limitations and prejudices, will not stand in the light of the God within! Rather, may we be granted the vision of the inner God, in such a measure and to such an intensity that it will flood and sweep everything aside pertaining to the unreal. When we have found the reality in ourselves, when your heart and mine have sensed eternal values, then only can we recognize the glory of Him who reflects the eter-

nal so resplendently in a human form.

Our brothers in the world will also judge Krishnaji; and surely our greatest privilege will consist in the opportunity offered us to open their hearts, to widen their understanding to a more tolerant attitude, a keener perception of realities.

Our endeavors to prepare a hearing for the World-Teacher are not primarily for His sake, but for the sake of our fellow-men. We cannot add to His glory, but we can help our brothers to open themselves, that they may recognize and receive Him. To more efficiently fulfill this, our most sacred trust as His messengers, we have been given all the requisite instruction, as well as the time. Therefore, as ever, we have none to blame but ourselves should our efforts spell failure when confronted with the manifold claims of our personalities. Our weaknesses are only too apparent in various forms of self-indulgence, lack of self-analysis, lack of sincerity verging on hypocrisy, a serious vice, in spite of its current favorable definition: "Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue."

It seems so difficult for us to understand that the spiritual life is simplicity, such extreme simplicity that it escapes us. We have become so complicated, we have acquired so many idiosyncrasies, artificialities and complexes, we have deceived ourselves and others so long, we have lost our way and our direction for such vast periods of time, during which we have identified ourselves so completely with the form side of manifestation, that we have forgotten the glory of the One, whence we came and whither we are going.

Until we have regained our white simplicity, the personality will always tend to confuse us and to glorify itself. It will exult and shine in its own intellect, in its beauty, in its strength, in its



various abilities, and virtues, even in its vices. True simplicity, which is spirituality, is attained when purified and controlled emotions and intellect can pierce through the illusion of form into the world of reality, bringing home its garnered sheaves of knowledge and mastery.

We are like people walking in a garden, enjoying the flowers, the trees, and the lawn, but never raising our eyes to the sunlight, the primal cause of all the beauty we behold.

Even so, in the gardens of our personalities there lie fleeting pleasures and passing sorrows in abundance, but we do not behold the white light in the secret chamber of our own hearts.

The purpose of our pilgrimage in its simplicity is to emerge from the One to the many, then back again from the many into the One. But to achieve this end we must hold the right attitude and clearly visualize our goal.

Krishnaji says: "Human beings forget the goal to which their life leads, hence there is always a confusion. Because of the lack of foresight of the thing they desire, they are confused and they are lost, and it is for this reason that you must establish for yourself whither you are going, what your purpose is in life. And when once you have established this for yourself—not by the authority of another, not by the authority of sacred books, not by the authority of individuals, but by a clear-cut ideal—and have definitely decided to follow it, you will attain liberation. And if you have been able to establish such an ideal, then that ideal will become part of your own life and you will walk toward that goal, all things becoming easy to you."

We have, each one in our own way, sensed the truth of the above statement, and experienced the power of an

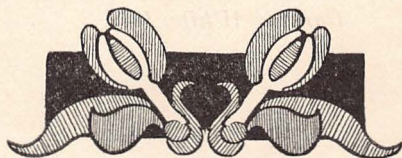
ideal to transform our lives. Whatever our ideal may be, it will mold us into its likeness, forming thereby a powerful constituent of our attitude.

Our attitude is the conscious and sub-conscious reactions to the outside and inside worlds, based on a synthesis of experiences in the past, the part of our consciousness which manifests mainly in the mentality of our personality. Just as our motives express principally the desire aspect of our everyday consciousness, the driving power back of our emotions—the seed of thought and action.

The motive of the ordinary man is chiefly to act as and for the separate self. The motive of the spiritual man is always to act as and for the Self in all seemingly separate selves. The one is egotistic; the other, altruistic. Right motives are always good motives but good motives are not always right motives, because they may lack spiritual discernment.

My dear brothers before that day dawns when you and I stand face to face with the Beloved, let us make some final decisive efforts to rid ourselves of the thousand-headed hydra of jealousy, conceit, and pride. Let us throw overboard the vast cargo of small emotions and mental prejudices, so we can escape the tyranny of the serrated and fancy prison-houses we have built for ourselves, and step out into the sunlight of our own divinity.

Then shall we know and truly understand that we are our brother's keeper; then shall we perceive that the most sacred, the most unbreakable tie unites us ever with our brothers. Thus, whenever in our daily lives we meet a brother, whatever his personality, we will silently reaffirm the truth: "The divinity in my own heart is one with the divinity in thy heart."





# The Rising of the Star

Carol Ring

*What can we do to whom Thyself hast  
spoken*

*Lo! this the token—Boundless  
Liberty.*

*How shall we use this wond'rous, new-  
found Freedom,*

*How—but to give ourselves in bond  
to Thee?*

*Now to our hearts the solemn Hour  
calleth,*

*See the Light falleth over worlds  
afar!*

*Clear rings the cry; "Awaken thou  
that sleepest,*

*"Rise and salute the Rising of the  
Star!"*

*High and serene—all power and pride  
disdaining—*

*Lord of Love reigning; infinitely  
fair.*

*Pure and aloof—the shadowed earth  
illuming,*

*Gladness and Beauty for gray mists  
of Care.*

*Oh! we will follow Thee! All else  
resigning.*

*All Faiths combining, Love the last  
and best.*

*Leading within to where the soul's  
Beloved*

*Waiteth enshrined—the Spirit's In-  
most Guest.*

*Leading without to where the Star's  
great splendor,*

*Radiant and tender, burneth out De-  
sire;*

*Leaving one wish—to succor one  
another,*

*Up through the night towards that  
flaming White Fire.*



# Re-educating the Personality

Marie Russak Hotchener



LAST MONTH we discussed how difficult it is to impress upon the minds of students the necessity for special efforts to arouse the *intent*, and then to focus it on character-formation. The importance of this is stressed because people are often discouraged in their *first* efforts, and do not understand that in a sense they are blazing new mental trails, and need an unusual amount of determination. The mind is unruly, firmly fixed in old habits, and resents being disturbed in any new way. The consciousness inherent in one's actions and emotions also resents being disturbed. Should it be so difficult, then, to understand that the greatest persistence is necessary, especially in the first efforts to awaken and sustain the newly aroused *attention* and *interest*?

Remember also that these two states and stages of consciousness must be exercised in forceful, adequate measure before the next two states and stages—those of *analysis* and *understanding*—can follow, since they are conditioned by the attitude or force of the intention *which precedes them*. If there is not a strong and persistent effort of attention and interest, there cannot follow a strong and persistent force of analysis and understanding. In this event there will be no new or *permanent* knowledges or habits acquired from experience.

It is also difficult for students to realize how real and independent are the actional, emotional, and mental elementals that make up the aura of the personality, and that they must be taught a new obedience. These elementals are in a sense actual entities with active, living, sub-personalities of their own. The essence of which they are composed is on its way down into involution while you are rising in evolution, and so they are an occult force acting

unconsciously and tending to lower instead of to elevate. You cannot transmute the essence already in the elementals, you can only, through refining processes of your living and habits, cast off the coarser grades which you now possess and replace them with those of the more refined grades. So we must remember and ponder well the fact that they can express only the consciousness (the habits) of their own grade of essence. In a sense the habits condition the essence and *vice versa*. The more perfect and refined the habits of the consciousness, the more perfect and refined will be the essence that clothes them. Elementals exist, have their being, through no efforts of their own, but are created by one's habits through long, long ages; that is why one's habits are so fixed.

Krishnaji says about these elementals, "And if you can experience this delight (detachment and control), if you can train these three beings, you will be free from many of the fetters of your karma; you will find that you are liberated."

We cannot have a more definite statement than this about the importance of controlling our thoughts, emotions, and actions, as their control will give us the power to refrain from wandering away from our real Self, and becoming lost in the pathways of illusion in the lower self. We must train them in a new way to free them from the old training.

Suppose you took a little child at the age of three years, trained it every hour, day, week, and year until it was fifty years old, and it never associated with any other teacher or person but yourself for its entire existence, would you expect it to have any other habits but those that you had ingrained into its consciousness? How could it have other habits?

Now suppose at the age of fifty you suddenly desired to remold its actional,



emotional, and mental habits, to force into this full-grown adult, in a short time, new and more desirable ones? Can you not realize how difficult it would be and what constant, persistent efforts it would require? You would have to destroy and remove the debris of the old habits before you could establish the new. Can you not realize also that if that person did not, could not, understand *why* you were trying to reform his habits, or if he did not know the necessity for it, he would greatly resent your efforts? It would be a conflict of very positive wills as between two adults, the parent with the plan of regeneration in her mind, and the other with the resistance of ingrained, long-enjoyed habits, considered right according to his experiences of life, and to which he felt entitled. He would certainly not only resist but would even resort to subterfuges and deceptions in the effort to enjoy his old, accustomed habits.

Now there is a parallel situation which arises when we try to instill new habits into our personality—to re-educate our actions, emotions and thoughts. It is even a more difficult situation than in the case of the person described, because there are *three* entities in one—three independent sub-personalities as it were—and they have not only been trained in their habits, perhaps for fifty years, but for life after life. They, too, resist these changes with all their power, and actually resort to subterfuges to have their way, and thus endeavor to thwart and deceive us. This is one of the reasons for a person being “self-deceived.” Of course they cannot realize in the slightest their moral responsibility; but they themselves being the product of our lower minds (our faults), seize upon our natural inclinations and desires and strengthen them. This happens constantly and often to the complete undoing of any efforts of the *attention* and *interest* arising from the egoic intelligence that is trying to impress the personality with the necessity for spiritual progress through their reformation. In other words, the three elemen-

tals that clothe the habits of the personality are not going to allow the ego to reform these habits so long as they have the power to resist or prevent it. They are firmly entrenched in the subconscious realms of the personality, and the average individual is ignorant of their existence.

The results of clairvoyant investigation concerning actions and powers of these elementals might be of interest if one related them, but better to turn to an illuminating example (chosen from among many) from the scientific, clinical reports of the erudite psychologist, Dr. Morton Prince, physician to the Boston City Hospital:

There was one of his patients who was addicted to unexpected spells of hysteria, weeping, imagined loneliness and melancholia. During an imposed somnolent condition she disclosed that the causes lay in her subconscious mind. After their thus being discovered, and being of such a nature that they could be understood and avoided through control, the patient as time went on did not remove them, evidently did not have the moral courage to do so.

So once again the doctor placed her in an imposed somnolent condition (and it is in this condition that the subconscious elementals are no longer restrained by the conscious mind), and she said that she did not really want to remove the causes of her worry because she was glad to have an excuse for being sorrowful—she enjoyed it. The elemental of the subconscious was so long accustomed to wallow in the emotionalism of darksome thoughts which found their outlet in tears, that, guided by the lower mind, it resented any attempts at joyousness, a quality directly opposed to its well-loved feelings of depression. Later, however, through intelligent persistence, when her conscious mind in waking states was made to understand the unworthy nature of the forces that were controlling her better self, she finally overcame them and was cured.

There is another case which is even



more striking, known to another psychologist who investigated it.

A young woman would be seized with fits of melancholia and would grow irritable, cross, and bitter towards everyone. She would rage and champ under the condition until something, no matter how silly and inconsequential, would give her an opportunity to expend it on others. She would then "explode" her rage on those nearest, and afterwards feel better. These spells were at comparatively regular intervals. At other times she was quite good-natured.

While in a somnolent condition she laughed at the investigator and said: "You think you will make me stop these spells, but I will prevent it. These rages arise from my suppressed emotions and thoughts. I have secretly hated people all my life. My father and mother never even kissed me. They said I wasn't wanted, and I grew to feel that the whole world was against me. Now I dislike everybody, and desire to commit suicide. My outbursts give me a chance to express the rage I feel against people at certain times, and you cannot prevent it."

This report of the subconscious elemental, when related to the patient, so startled and shamed her that she turned from hating people to hating the elementals. She realized how self-deceived she had been, and that she had been blind to the kindnesses of people. She finally conquered the power of the subconscious, and it is a very long time since she has had a "spell."

When such cases are analyzed they clearly demonstrate that there are possibilities of *obsession* by one's own entities as well as from those of other people; I mean from disembodied entities as well as from one's own elementals. But in the majority of cases it is from the elementals within the aura of each person. They certainly do obsess the person no matter who he is. But, of course, the elementals may be of the highest types or of the lowest, as the case may be, depending upon the actional, emotional, and mental qualities of the individual. If one were to say to

a person who does not seem able to overcome his faults, "You are obsessed by obdurate elementals," he would resent the statement and think that such obsession could not take place, or that it meant that he was not in his right mind. He isn't, if we consider the question from the viewpoint of right and wrong, and the fact remains that in a sense, and from a very serious sense, he *is* obsessed. His elementals are controlling the consciousness of his personality. He is what they are, good or bad. He can be no other.

If you love to gossip, or to speak ill of your enemy, or possess a mind that is uncontrolled sufficiently to do the reverse, then you are not moral so far as the habits of your mental elemental are concerned; he is an unworthy entity outside your control and is the expression of your lower mind. If you feel resentment, jealousy, or uncontrolled sex impulses, your emotional elemental is obsessing your consciousness to the detriment of your progress. If your physical appetite forces you to eat the things that are not good for your health, or what the senses instead of the reason demand, or you have desires for strong drink, your physical elemental is obsessing your actions and wants, and you are the weak person who is indolently indulging it, and bound by decrees from below instead of from above.

To make the matter still clearer: Please do not think that the elemental essence is to blame, as it does not of itself have any volition other than that of the lower mind impressions upon it. But these impressions have existed for so long that the essences remain the slaves of the lower mind until the higher mind sets them free.

These two cases have been related in order to assist the mind of the student to recognize and realize that the power of the elementals of the personality to obsess one is more of an obstacle to spiritual progress than is generally supposed; also that since they can function separately or league themselves together, in response to the habits of the lower mind, to



resist efforts to overcome one's bad habits, the first thing to do is to give *attention* and take an *interest* in methods of conquering them, and to recognize the three as *real, living* entities.

In order to control these abstract elementals, the best plan is to begin with the physical body, and let the attention and interest be concentrated on its tangible or ingrained habits. What are its habits of food? What are the habits of the senses? These are practical things on which to work in the beginning.

If you are accustomed to take meat, and then turn your attention and interest to becoming a vegetarian, the physical elemental will seem to make a strong resistance at first. You should remember that you are dealing with the *physiological* realms of your elemental, and that it is used to the coarse stimulation of meat; and since its vibrations are coarse they will respond slowly at first to the new diet.

I use the word "coarse" in the sense of "specific gravity." The vibrations of the physical substances of meat are heavier, and therefore coarser than those of vegetables; they are not so "refined." They have long supported the brute strength of your physical elemental, and if you take meat away from it suddenly, it may miss it to the temporary harm of the health. One often hears students say: "I tried to be a vegetarian and had to return to meat-eating, for my body got weak and I grew too nervous to sleep." The better plan is to stop eating meat gradually. But in excluding it from the diet, study the recommendations of dietists, and substitute equally strengthening foods; then the resentment of the physical elemental will not be so powerful, as you have replaced flesh-food with other strengthening foods.

Thus will the physical elemental become re-educated to a diet of a more refined specific gravity. The sense of taste will be controlled. The other senses will soon follow suit if you give them sufficient attention and interest.

Remember that the greater part of the life of the elemental depends upon what the senses are experiencing. Most people go on for a lifetime without any attempt at the refinement or control of the zones of sense perception.

Take for example the sense of sight: What are the things that you most love to see? What things seen give you the greatest sense of pleasure? Does your emotional elemental get the keenest exaltation or thrills from reading the inspiring words of a World-Teacher or from seeing an attractive person of the opposite sex? In driving, do the eyes love to rest on the beauties of nature, or on those inside other automobiles? Are you thrilled most in hearing a symphony of beautiful music or in hearing your worst enemy slandered?

These are some of the earnest questions to which the attention and interest should be directed, and they will help to answer your enquiry as to where you stand in evolution, or to what stage you have attained in spiritual progress. The subconscious causes—your elementals—are the source of all the vagaries of your personality. The amount of control you have over your actions, emotions, and thoughts will answer you fully. It will show you just how much control the ego has over your life. The usual amount of egoic consciousness in the average person is about as much as the little finger is to the whole hand. The sub-individualities of the ego (in contrast to our sub-personalities) must be made to descend and take possession of your personalities ere the stage of liberation can be reached. But, as said before, with a proper amount of *attention* and *interest* to your actions, emotions and thoughts, there will develop the next two stages of consciousness, *analysis* and *understanding*. They will follow as certainly as night follows day, since your efforts have created a powerful momentum that will carry you on to success. Then the wisdom and power that are in the ego will flood the personality and control its life.



# Initiation

John Caldwell-Johnston



ANY books have been written on the subject of Initiation. Scarcely a week passes but some volume is issued which deals directly or indirectly with the question; and yet there are few matters relating to the Inner Life about which so little certainty, so little agreement exists.

It has been wisely said that every man, whether he wills it or no, is a metaphysician. Not less true would it be to state that everyone is an Initiate. Life, as we see it spread before us through the universe, is one grand series of initiations. When Life passes from the elemental to the stone, that is an initiation; from the stone to the plant, an initiation; from the plant to the animal, from the animal to man, in each case, an initiation. Life is a pilgrim, sent from God with His scrip, which is love, and his staff which is wisdom. The pilgrim knocks at many doors, sojourns in many cities, learns many diverse tongues, drinks out of strange wells, clothes him in wild outlandish raiment. If he is wise and a lover of God, as becomes God's pilgrims, he changes everything that is his, not once but many times. Is he not a pilgrim-seeker after God? Yet two things he does not change, his scrip and his staff. By these two we shall know the true pilgrim. But if he should lose them, if in some robber den he gambles away his scrip, or if he break his staff upon a wayfarer who offends him, then life, poor life, forgets his true home, forgets that he is a pilgrim. Like Goethe's Faust he says to the fleeting moment: "Stay, thou art so fair!" and this universe, but now a playground, a learning place, a lovable, lovely projection of God's consciousness, becomes his dismal prison, perchance but the more dismal that Life knows it not for a prison, thinks it

still God's playground, God's learning place, God's house.

It is written: "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." What is prayer but love and wisdom poured out at the feet of God? Who are the thieves but those who take God's wisdom, God's love, God's power, and use them for their own selfish purposes? God does not initiate thieves, and we are all thieves if we commercialize God, if we exploit God, whether in Himself or in His creatures, animate and inanimate.

If we are seekers of Initiation, and many of us are that, we must first take a scourge of small cords—only little things are required of us!—and cleanse God's house from the thieves and the robbers that are in it. God does not ask us to make one big, overwhelming resolution which it might require thousands and thousands of years to screw our courage up to. No! We must fashion a scourge of small cords, little resolutions, each in itself well within our reach, but a number, even a great number; and with them we shall cleanse God's house.

We see, then, that there are two kinds of initiation, each with its own set of laws, different and yet the same, contrasting, but not except to our limited senses, contradictory. One we may call involuntary, the other voluntary; one natural, the other præternatural, possibly even supernatural. The pilgrim of our story, so long as he kept his scrip and staff, lived in a condition of continuous initiation. He was borne onward in the great cosmic currents; bathed in the warmth of God's love, gladdened with the light of His truth; ever young, ever joyous; utterly at one with God; himself a center of light and warmth, dispensing light and warmth to all around him.



have themselves long ceased to be "in love," enthusiastically support the tradition, often indeed regarding their own experience as unfortunate accidental failures. In real fact their experiences have not been "accidental" at all. To base marriage on a feeling which will probably pass in a year and may pass in a month—even in the course of the honeymoon—necessarily leads to a situation which can in no sense be regarded as an accident. There could be no more treacherous foundation for a relationship which is intended to be permanent. . . .

### MARRIAGE—WHAT IT IS?

But, it may naturally be asked what is a sound conception of marriage? If marriage is, as now recognized, no longer necessarily a union for pro-creative purposes, and not necessarily a partnership for mutual and exclusive love relations, what is it? That is a question which we are bound to answer, even though no two answers may be exactly identical. Every age tends, however, toward an answer of its own. That is so today, and I do not know where we may better be helped to reach the answer of today than in the *Book of Marriage*, lately put forward by Count Hermann Keyserling in Germany and now translated into English. . . . The current feeling about marriage is, as we know, that it is neither so important nor so necessary as was formerly supposed, since, in an overpopulated world, children are no longer so indispensable as was once believed, while for women there are vocations open on every hand. But the interesting point emerges that, in putting forward his large and dignified conception of marriage, all of this is willingly accepted by Keyserling. He emphasizes the importance of birth control; he welcomes the social and economic development in the position of women with all it has made possible. . . .

Keyserling emphasizes the discipline of marriage as in its very nature difficult, painful, even tragic. Those who imagined that by minimizing the institutional aspect of marriage and liber-

ating its personal aspects, they were to-day making marriage easy and comfortable, have been blind to the essential nature of life. The modern development of personality, so far from diminishing the problems of marriage, indefinitely increases them. When the marital bond was a rigid framework, not easy and sometimes impossible to break, the conjugal partners within it might flaunt their little revolts and persecute each other in private with a full confidence that they were running no risks of serious damage. Their discipline was imposed from without; but now it is imposed from within, by themselves, and that involves the assumption of much responsibility and the exercise of much art. It is not less binding because it is free. Most wholesomely constituted people desire, and will continue to desire, to have children. They will go on feeling that the best guardians of children are their parents living together in a *permanent* union.

### NEED OF PERMANENT UNION

And when we put aside the question of children—for marriage nowadays does not rest merely on the fact of procreation—and consider only the facts of personality, a permanent union is still required for development. In a series of transitory unions no two people can ever really know each other and the possibilities each holds; they only take the first step on a road which beyond all others leads to the heart of life. To the career of Don Juan no goal of achievement is placed. And on the other hand, all development involves difficulty and pain. The ideal of an easy and comfortable existence of marital bliss, the "happy marriage" of which so much has been heard and so little has been known, even if it were possible (save for those simple folk who live in a kind of spiritual sty), would be a false ideal. It would not even be true to human nature, wherein indeed its chief falsity lies. Difficulty and pain, at least as much as ease and pleasure, are demanded by human instincts. Life has been full of difficulty and pain from the first. It has become



organized for meeting difficulty and pain and in so doing to achieve its sublime conquests. When it ceases to do so, its function is gone and the stream of life ebbs away. . . .

### COMRADESHIP AND MARRIAGE

Thus it comes about that if marriage in our time is, on the one hand, becoming a more arduous vocation than it was of old, there is, on the other hand, less need to embrace it, while it also offers larger possibilities and greater privileges. If marriage is a discipline it is also an art. With the new freedom that marriage is today achieving and the new equality of the two partners—impossible when the wife was in a state of abject economic dependence—we are in the presence of a relationship which offers new opportunities of mutual development and new possibilities of further extension. That, of course, can only take place provided the two partners remain in intimate and true sympathy.

The modifications that are now taking place in the form of marriage have been rendered possible by a new attitude toward the whole subject of sex. The tabu on sex which had been handed down from medieval days—and indeed had its origin in the ideas of primitive savagery—has been broken. Those whose memories extend thirty

years back can recall how at that time it was almost impossible for the young, whether boy or girl, to obtain any reliable information on questions of sex from parents or teachers, or to find any book (unless we except the Bible) which satisfied their natural curiosity. The only available sources of information supplied what was more misleading than no knowledge at all. Even medical students then (if, indeed, it is not often so still) received not the slightest instruction in the psychology or the hygiene of sex, so that we must not be surprised if they often remain unable to help their patients.

Today the situation has totally changed. The young of today are calm in the presence of life because they are no longer tormented by its embarrassing mysteries. They can not only now learn what they want to learn from books but they feel free to learn from experience, so far as they may desire, from their friends of the other sex. The girl today is undisturbed by things which still bring a blush to the cheek of her grandmother. This does not mean that the great, tragic facts of love have been abolished, for they lie at the roots of life itself. But at all events they can be faced honestly and with clear eyes. They need no longer be obscured by romantic fictions and silly superstitions.

## A Cry

(The following was written by the saintly Thomas Elmwood, 1639, A. D.)

*"Oh that mine eyes might closed be  
To what concerns me not to see;  
That deafness might possess mine ear  
To what concerns me not to hear;  
That truth my tongue might always tie  
From ever speaking foolishly;  
That no vain thought might ever rest  
Or be conceived within my breast,*

*That by each deed and word and  
thought,  
Glory may to my God be brought.  
But what are wishes? Lord mine eye  
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry;  
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,  
And make it clean in every part;  
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep, it, too,  
For that is more than I can do."*



# Cause and Effect

## *Scientific Aspects of Natural Laws*

R. F. Goudy



VERY force has its opposite and equal reaction. This is true in relation to what the Ancient Wisdom calls Karma or the Law of Compensation. It is Nature's answer in effect to causes, and is absolutely unfailing, the essence of equity—the *summum jus* of all law.

If we understood that karma were but a direct reaction from physical, moral, and mental forces, it would be interpreting it as simply mere "action and reaction" or "cause and effect." Instead of such a narrow, materialistic, and limited viewpoint one should consider it scientifically in its broadest aspects. Think of it *first*, as a dynamic, cosmic urge impelling activity; *second*, as a "causation" binding and correlating all manifestation; and *third*, as the invariable sequence evolved by the Great Plan of the universe. All nature follows cyclic development; past, causal tendencies ever evolve gradual and successive changes, themselves effecting subsequent actions. In considering such scientific aspects of karma one should strive to sense its "life" aspect, to see it as an urge, to feel it as "causation," to perceive it behind all cycles, and to think of it as the crystallized flow of Divine Life. This is the view of karma in abstract Nature, to which *The Secret Doctrine* repeatedly refers as Karma-Nemesis. It also quotes Winchell, from the "World-Life," where he cites the succession of events apparently based on some purpose, plan, or order, calls it evolution and defines it as "A law of correlated successiveness or organized history in the individual." Madame Blavatsky calls it "Karma."

### 1. KARMA IS A LAW OF NATURE

Karma is not an artificial law like the statutes of man; these are usually local, arbitrary, variable, escapable, and penalizing. Instead of being a chaotic, for-

mal, and unreasonable fixing of debts, karma as a universal law of cause and effect is natural, eternal, changeless, invariable, and unavoidable. It is the master law of all laws, links events in an unbroken series, correlates past and present activities, and metes out perfect justice. Doctrines such as the conservation of energy, and the final indestructibility of matter, lead us to believe karma to be sure, inexorable, definite and final.

Laws do not design, they are powers enabling man to use, master, or be enslaved by them, according to the degree of his intelligence, and at the same time they adjust and guide evolution. Because of man's ignorance he daily ignores countless laws. Every act of the body violates gravity. Co-operation with various laws controls his every existence. People are channels and they can use karmic forces to advantage. They need not worry about interfering with karma. They should do everything in their power to help hopelessly ill people even to the very last moment of life, although it is well, when possible, to work where the greatest good can be accomplished. Like all other laws, one should not hesitate to utilize karma, to hold it back, to turn it aside, to accelerate its action, or circumvent its expected, immediate results, if such manipulations are to one's advantage progressively. Its final action, however, cannot be annihilated or canceled, for retribution will, in the end, be complete. Why should one not deal with the law of karma boldly, try to understand it, and become as efficient an instrument of it as of the other laws of Nature?

### 2. KARMA, IF SCIENTIFIC, GIVES US A COSMOS INSTEAD OF CHAOS

Science gives us an orderly world. Each person can produce effects with the same laws, other conditions being equal, whether in the laboratory or in



the arts. Law prevails. Such laws are not blind or mechanical. Many scientists recognize this and ban the supposed world of chance, fatalism, "rule by devil," and lack of aim or purpose in Nature. One is safe and sure in his harbor of karma.

Nature is not overly exact or especially precise, for approximations are the rule. For example: Atomic weights always vary a little, every law has its variable margin, organic Nature has its all-important variations, and everything has its minor deviations. This allows the entering wedge for change and progress, so essential to karmic results. Day follows night with never a chance of skipping; yet each day is a part of a karmic cycle, with different lengths and other cosmic variations. Apples, not figs, grow on apple trees, yet remarkable transformations take place in a few generations. Karma is a logical and orderly combating of forces which produce changes free from fate, rigidity, or fixity. To my mind free-will has a scientific support.

### 3. KARMA IS A FORCE AND ACTS AS DO OTHER FORCES OF SCIENCE

Consider man as a transformer of energy and not as an entity controlled by forces. He then is individual and can force his own way. He can utilize the forces of one plane to aid another, and the higher the plane on which a force acts the more powerful it is, provided an efficient coördination with the physical has been established. Less than one out of sixty of the octaves of vibrations have been discovered by science. In this vast, unseen physical world scientists transpose energy from the etheric to the solid and back again. Psychologically speaking, changes and environment have direct effects on mental attitudes, and mental malpractices react directly on physical ailments. Karmic law operates on these same planes, and in addition to physical acts, utilizes such individual powers as likes, dislikes, sympathy, dreams, aspirations, criticisms, and searchings for truth; therefore, we should carefully guard, and more strenuously use, our emo-

tions and thoughts, because they are important factors in the development of the personality; and we should realize that karma most assuredly operates from one plane of Nature to another. And why not, since karma functions at right angles to all planes?

### 4. KARMA LIKE OTHER LAWS EXPRESSES WHAT LIES BEHIND IT

Involution, as taught by Spencer and Weismann, holds that everything capable of being expressed was originally involved into the starting germ-cells. These inherent and latent factors one by one emerge at just the proper time for the benefit of the organism, whether it be due to its environment, necessity, or requirement.

In karma one's past memory is compassionately obliterated, and one cannot deliberately, calmly, and immediately weigh and judge acts, and this prevents him from losing his zest for life. But the bulk of savage-day debts is still held over one like latent factors of the germ-cells, and some are drawn out at just the proper time, as family, environment, and advantage to the individual permit, so that the strain will not be too great.

### 5. KARMA, LIKE OTHER LAWS, MAINTAINS EQUILIBRIUM

As masses or speeds of moving bodies increase, movement becomes accelerated, not in a direct but in a geometrical ratio. In the reproduction of one oyster the progeny of the fourth generation, if unchecked, would be equivalent in bulk to eight times the size of the earth. Every law has its brake or flywheel, and karma (action and reaction) maintains equilibrium and balance in evolution. So intimately related is everything that even a flicker of the eyelid starts forces which eventually reach to the limits of the universe. A slightest movement in any part of an organ affects the whole organism. The smallest of economic changes affects everyone. Everything is practically "on edge." A little, real effort has untold possibilities. One can "swap" a great deal of karma as he goes along. One is



living in a faster, quicker, and speedier time than ever before. The good we can now do is many times more powerful than that of the past; and this fact, together with the greater forces of good, spells a swifter defeat of evil.

#### 6. KARMA IS AKIN TO ADAPTATION TO ENVIRONMENT

Why are desert plants designed to resist drought, and are camouflaged to protect themselves from enemies, whereas their mountain brothers, just to live, are fitted differently to resist stormy elements, and to persist in their own way against the greatest of odds? Fitness of organisms to particular environments, and adaptations of organisms to them, and adaptations only because the life behind them needs those experiences and gains thereby in expressions of new but inherent factors. The mineral kingdom is learning stability in form, the vegetable and animal kingdoms are unconsciously acquiring ways

to express their inherent life. Man is doing likewise, ever adapting himself to environment and the work to be done. He is placed, like the bits of life, in the environments where he can get the most out of life, and often among people whom he has to repay in this life. This profound wisdom, ruling all from the lowest to the highest kingdoms, is karmic law.

#### 7. KARMA IS A SCIENTIFIC SUCCESSION OF EVENTS

Evolution clearly depicts a gradual sequence of forms from simple cells up to the most complex of entities. Such growth has been slow, plodding, tedious, long, and very gradual. If one assumes "life" to be behind these evolving forms, and sees it develop, one then has a crystallized idea of karma. One should take courage and slowly work away at one's present conditions and events, while taking into full consideration the law of karma.

## To Krishnaji

Elsa Tudor Leland

*Not daring to believe, I came to you,  
A thousand miles; before that, year on  
year*

*Of heart-break, war and anguish, love  
and fear:*

*But I had heard that He would come  
anew.*

*Through fifteen years, a thousand miles  
to you.*

*Nay, ever, always struggling through  
the mire*

*Of shifting shadows, up the cliffs that  
rear*

*Their stark heads to the blue, I've crept  
to you.*

*Not daring to believe I came, and then—  
then—*

*The long years vanished; life and joy  
were one,*

*For with your voice He spoke once  
more with men,*

*And in my soul dawn flushed before  
the sun.*

*So will that Presence also in us move  
When we become a chalice for His  
love.*



# \*The Religion of the Navajos

Helen R. Crane



ORTH American Navajo Indians are of Athabaskan origin and inhabit the northern part of Arizona and New Mexico. They are well-known for their beautiful blanket weaving, and gain their livelihood also through agriculture and hunting. They are at present a peaceful tribe.

They have a religious system that is very beautiful, philosophical, and ethical, and shows undeniable evidence of an occult background, according to Mrs. John Wetherall, the only white woman ever to have been admitted into the Clan.

"The Navajos are in many respects like all other people," she said. "Some are religious and some are careless, but if one of them comes to the place where he doubts the existence of the Great Spirit or God—call Him what you will—and refuses to pray, he is driven from the clan. This is a terrible calamity for he may starve to death if he does not die of exposure and loneliness."

There is no greater authority on the Navajos, and there never has been a greater one, than Mrs. Wetherall, who a few years ago attracted the attention of the world by being late at a council between the Navajos and representatives of oil companies who wanted to lease oil land on the reservation. She had been sent for on this occasion, but had had some difficulty with the horses of her train back in the mountains, and was a day late in arriving. Fifteen hundred Indians and the oil men waited until she got there. One of the men who has worked with her for many years says that in all their councils she

acts as judge, and that her decisions are unquestionably accepted and acted upon.

Mrs. Wetherall speaks the Navajo language like one born in the tribe, and it is because of their friendship for her and their willingness to talk with "As-thon Sosie, the Slender One," as they named her when she was a girl, that much of the truth about them is being learned by the white men. They say themselves, that all their trouble with the white man has come through misunderstanding, and their "medicine men" (as they call their wise men and healers) for years now have been explaining to her sympathetic mind the significance of their ceremonies, their folk-lore, and the medicinal value of plants.

"The Navajo believes that whatever a man thinks about himself, he is so—that is, he makes himself good by thinking good, and he makes himself strong and well by thinking himself strong and well. It is because of his belief in the power of mind over matter that he has been able to do the things he has done.

"Centuries before the modern metaphysical societies sprang into being these Indians were healing by the power of thought. They would hold a council over a sick man and everyone present was expected to keep his mind steadfastly upon the thought of the man's physical perfection. If someone came into the hogan (their tent-like dwelling), and happened to be so indiscreet as to suggest that the man was too ill to get well and would possibly die, then he did die; the indiscreet one probably paid with his life for his idle words, for he was held responsible for the death.

"They have superstitions, but what people have not? And all their superstitions, like those of other people have had their basis in facts. For instance:

\* Mrs. Wetherall has been running for the past few winters a famous guest-ranch, Hacienda de la Osa, seventy miles below Tucson, Arizona, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and with the coming of summer she returns to the Navajo Reservation.



Years ago a law was passed (and with the Indians their law and religion are one), that no one should enter a hogan where someone had previously died. It had been observed that after a person died in a hogan sometimes whole families would die after that, and if the hogan were deserted perhaps no death would follow the first one. In these days of disease, germs, and sanitation we see how wise they were in passing this law. They knew nothing of communicable diseases and thought the Evil Spirit wanted that hogan. That which is looked upon by the white man as a stupid superstition was a great act of wisdom and has been, undoubtedly, one of the means of preserving the race."

Mrs. Wetherall told about an ancient medicine man who explained to her many of the secrets of healing with herbs. He explained that his knowledge was not really a secret one, but was a science and required many years of study. He told her how his grandfather would take him as a little lad out in the fields with him while he watched the sheep, and would make him study plants. Every day there were new plants to be learned, their names, properties and where they could be found. Then when they returned to their home at night sometimes the old man would keep him awake until nearly morning cramming him with lessons. This continued for years and until the lad knew all it was possible for him to learn about tribal medicine.

"Can we honestly say that this man was ignorant? Was he not in a sense as well educated as our doctors? And by the way, the Indian medicine men are generally specialists, too, and the Indian with many aches has to pay the same round of visits to the specialists as his white brothers do."

Mrs. Wetherall has gathered, pressed, and catalogued about one hundred and fifty specimens of herbs used by the medicine men. She does not know the white man's name for most of them and has only given them their Navajo names; but one day, this collection will be invaluable—when the rest of the

world has grown to realize that the red man's wisdom is precious.

The American Indians had no written language (ancient Aztecs, Incas, and the Mayans, not included), and all their wisdom has been handed down by word of mouth. They have, of course, a system of pictographs, but this is, necessarily, limited. Their language is as involved as English was before it was well established as English—that is about five or six hundred years ago—or as any other ancient language. It has a well-ordered syntax and grammar with verbs, nouns, cases, and all parts of speech.

The Navajos say it was a member of their tribe who first taught the Hopis that great religious ceremonial of the snake dance. The story is of a young man who renounced the Great Spirit. He became so wicked that he no longer prayed. His brother warriors remonstrated with him but to no avail—he could not believe in God. Finally he was banished from the tribe and wandered off into the desert. After a long time he found himself before a Hopi village. He was ill and naked and almost famished and suddenly, when he saw the village, he knelt in prayer and thanksgiving. The Hopis saw him and took him in and cared for him. He grew strong and well again, and then one day he disappeared. Time passed and he came back to the village and told the Hopis that he had had a revelation while praying in the desert. It had been revealed to him that snakes could be used to help bring the rain and that they could be handled.

This was wonderful news to the Indians for they were, at the time, suffering from a drought, and a migration of snakes was taking place in their valley. The Hopis, like all red men, were mortally afraid of snakes and this sudden appearance of millions of them had also filled them with superstitious awe. Mrs. Wetherall says the snakes were going up the valley towards the mountain, in search of water, but the Indians did not know that and were terror-stricken at what they took to be an ill omen.



Now, the young prodigal Navajo told the people that it had been revealed to him one could control snakes by the power of will, and he demonstrated in a ceremonial dance what could be done. He said that if snake dances were performed in honor of the rain god rain would fall, and while he danced the rain came to their dried, arid fields.

From that day to this the snake dance has been one of the great ceremonies of the Hopis, and witnesses say that rain never fails to come during or immediately following the dance. The Indians are very kind to the snakes; they use and control them solely with their will, and when the ceremonies are finished they free them with a message to go down into the earth to the roots of their corn and tell it to grow.

One night an old priest was explaining some of their mythology to Mrs. Wetherall and told how they had come up out of the earth in four steps. She interrupted him, saying that she knew it was impossible that his people should have come up out of the earth and asked him what he meant. The old man smiled and said that that was only a blind—that the real teachings were that they had evolved by four stages, or degrees to where they were. First they had been in the black stage, where there was no mind; then they came to the blue stage where there was a little mind, but not very much; next there was the yellow stage, and that was the place where they could begin to think—to be really responsible for what they were doing; at this time they were not like any known animal in the world today but still they were akin to the animals. Their minds were beginning to open up but they were beast-like. They lived on roots and had no dwellings. Now they are in the white stage where their mind is open and clear and they are fully responsible for their actions. "You ask me where the Great Spirit is?" continued the priest. "He is everywhere. Man cannot escape Him for there is no place where He is not. Man exists, as does each tree, flower, and stone because of the Great Spirit within. The white man thinks we worship

stones, rivers, and animals but it is not so; we are worshipping a part of the Great Spirit that is dwelling in all things.

"To say that you cannot do that which it is right for you to do is to say that the Great Spirit cannot do it. If you ask Him for something you must then thank Him, and *believe that you have received*. It is a sin to doubt!" The Navajos end all their prayers with "All is well!"

In regard to life after death he said that when a man dies he goes into the yellow stage and that is a place of great happiness. If he has been good he can stay there and learn the lessons which will come to him there. Every man has the opportunity to grow better in this yellow land, and if he will not learn he is cast back into the blue stage, and if he still continues to be wicked he is thrown back into the black. In any of the stages he can work himself up into the yellow stage, which is the after death "Happy Hunting Ground" one reads about—that is, he can rise from any of the stages except the black. If a man is so wicked as to be thrown back into the black stage he is doomed to wander forever as a lost soul.

Also, the age of maturity in the Happy Hunting Ground is about thirty-five. Children dying grow older gradually until they reach that age, and older people grow younger with each passing day until they approximate this golden age.

Mrs. Wetherall states that some of the Navajo clans teach reincarnation but that it is not universally taught in them. All the clans teach that a man can return to earth after death to see how his loved ones are getting along, or to aid them through any difficulty.

"An evil thought is the greatest sin," says the Navajo, and also, "To grow angry is to sin mightily." And honesty and truth are revered here as among every other people.

Mrs. Wetherall spoke of an old Indian she had had working for her for twenty-five years. He has never told her a lie or been angry in all that time. "He lives his religion," she said.



# Song of Myself

*Selections compiled from Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself"*  
First published in 1855.

Henry R. Thayer

*I celebrate myself, and what I assume,  
you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me, as  
good belong to you.  
All I mark as my own, you shall offset  
it with your own,  
Else it were time lost, listening to me.  
I acknowledge the duplicates of myself  
—the weakest and shallowest is  
deathless with me;  
What I do and say, the same waits for  
them;  
Every thought that flounders in me,  
the same flounders in them.  
I would fetch you, whoever you are,  
flush with myself.*

*Stop this day and night with me, and  
you shall possess the origin of  
all poems;  
You shall possess the good of the earth  
and sun—there are millions of  
suns left;  
You shall no longer take things at  
second or third hand, nor look  
through the eyes of the dead, nor  
feed on the spectres in books.  
You shall not look through my eyes,  
either, nor take things from me;  
You shall listen to all sides, and filter  
them for yourself.*

*All goes outward and outward, nothing  
collapses,  
And to die is different from what any-  
one supposed, and luckier.  
I pass death with the dying, and birth  
with the new-washed babe. (I  
am not all contained between my  
hat and my boots.)  
In all people I see myself, none more,  
and not one a barleycorn less.  
To me the converging objects of the  
universe perpetually flow;  
All are written to me, and I must get  
what the writing means.*

*I exist as I am, and that is enough.  
If no other in the world be aware, I sit  
content.  
One world is aware, and by far the  
largest to me, that is myself,  
And whether I come to my own today,  
or in ten thousand or ten million  
years,  
I can cheerfully take it now, or with  
equal cheerfulness, I can wait.  
My foothold is tenoned and mortised in  
granite;  
I laugh at what you call dissolution,  
and I know the amplitude of  
time.  
There is no stoppage, and never can be  
stoppage.  
If I, you, and the worlds, and all be-  
neath or upon their surfaces  
were at this moment reduced  
back to a pallid float,  
It would not avail in the long run;  
We should surely bring up again where  
we now stand,  
And as surely go as much farther—  
and then farther and farther.  
A few quadrillions of eras, a few octil-  
lions of cubic leagues, do not  
hazard the span, or make it im-  
patient.  
They are but parts—anything is but a  
part.  
We have thus far exhausted trillions  
of winters and summers,  
There are trillions ahead, and trillions  
ahead of them.  
I am an acme of things accomplished,  
an encloser of things to be.  
My feet strike an apex of the apices of  
the stairs;  
On every step bunches of ages, and  
larger bunches between the steps.  
All below duly traveled, and I  
still mount and mount.*



*Afar down I see the huge first Nothing—the vapor from the nostrils of Death; I know I was even there;*

*I waited unseen and always, and slept while God carried me through the lethargic mist. I took no hurt from the fetid carbon.*

*Long was I hugged close, long, and long.*

*Immense have been the preparations for Faithful and friendly the arms that me, have helped me.*

*Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen;*

*For room to me, stars kept aside in their own rings;*

*They sent influences to look after what*

*was to hold me.*

*Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me;*

*My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.*

*For it the nebula cohered to an orb, The long, slow strata piled to rest it on, Vast vegetables gave it sustenance, Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.*

*All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me;*

*Now on this spot I stand, with my robust soul.*

*My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain;*

*The Lord will be there, and wait till I come, on perfect terms.*

## Art in a World of Form

Arthur L. Wilhelm

Few realize the absolute simplicity of form; that is, primal form. I am not speaking of that mystery of mysteries—the material from which He builds—but of the form into which The Great Artist shapes the plastic material when He makes ready to build His Kingdoms. We can watch him at work if we once learn to see—if we once come to the point of realizing that Nature is a work of art—a supreme work of utter beauty. He has methods that are unvarying and it is the simple interchange and mixture of primal form, that gives us the utterly bewildering array of objects of the sensory world. We can see Him at work with our physical eyes. We do not have to be translated in order to see the Glory of Him who is Beauty supreme.

His canvas is the world of matter and his brushes the laws of nature. If we have this knowledge we realize that He shows us mysteries every day if we stop and examine His work; that He has limited Himself in the world of matter to a few very simple statements, just a few factors and moves. Yet we

have the created world and its animate objects, its great hills, the trees, and the ocean's swelling wave, and all created within that limitation.

First His consciousness, as we on this Earth-bound plane can describe it, differentiated from "here" and "there." In other words the focusing of consciousness which we call a point. What is a point, you lover of mystery—how big is it—and are you really sure that it exists *per se*? Can a point ever be anything but a focal point of consciousness and what becomes of it after consciousness has withdrawn from its contemplation?

The Great Artist is starting to form His kingdoms—to build His universe! Out of a succession of points, or a point that was removed from the first point, and consciousness connected as it were between the two, there emerges a line.

At first it must be a straight line for that is one dimension, either that of length or breadth. In one dimension there is nothing but backwards or forwards—no up or down or sideways.



Then the application of the second dimension permitted a tremendous change in primary principles of form. This line did not need to be *straight* but could be bent up and down and lo—the curve was born. Then came the third dimension and either the curve or the straight line could be placed at right angles and we had “thickness.”

So primarily all we have in the creation of the Universe and all the objects contained therein is the curve and the straight line that can be pulled sideways.

Now when we start building the forms of the world we are as limited as is He who is the primary builder. All we can do is as He does—we can build forms that have content by the use of the right angle dimension. It is curious that there should be but five primary forms that evolve and that are possible when we start to “pulling sideways” on the straight line and the curve. We have the square and the circle from the first two dimensions. When we go to right angles we have the cube and the sphere—a content form that is fitted for the reception of Divine life. Then we start to sub-dividing again and pulling into the third dimension, cutting up the square, and the circle, and the cube, and the sphere, we find that we have the pyramid form, and the half sphere, and the quarter sphere.

Then we stop!

There are no other forms in all nature. The Great Builder has simply used variations of these five forms, variations, and combinations, and so must we, as long as we live in a three dimensional world. Let us consider for a moment a few of the forms about us and see if we ever find a variation from these five forms.

The cube form we use in an elongated aspect that becomes an oblong object. We use it either in our houses as a cube or as the long low building or the high skyscraper. You will see it in nature as the edge of a tumbling waterfall—as the top of a cliff. Its variation with the pyramid form we see in

the mighty mountain slopes and in various forms of plant life.

We see the pyramid form in the three-leafed clover. The dandelion leaf is but a succession of triangles joined together. We see the square primary used in the oak leaf and many times to the square curl of a rose petal. We see the triangle again in the shaping of the human features; reversed with the base across the eyebrows and the tip at the point of the nose or the chin. We see the half circle in the bowl-like sweep of the rose or the open flower. The full sphere is used by millions of plants as a seed pod or fruit. We find all five forms in many cases weaving and interweaving—first with the line and the variation of the straight line—then suddenly swinging into the third dimension and lo—we have a flower of strange and gorgeous beauty or an orange or the sweeping curve of the human form—square shoulders, round body, the cylinder and the cube.

It behooves us to look about us and to examine into this mystery that is so open and yet so secret. Realize the self-imposed limitations of the Great Artist and see how cunningly He works and with what beauty.

Learn to build O dreamer for the “One Fragment” begat thee, and out of the tides of drifting eternities there will come the time when thou too shall be the Builder; for the Fragment shall have been born as the Flame and creation’s dawn shall come for Thee and Thy worlds as it has come for Him who Builds and whose children we are.

How glorious is He who is the Logos of our system! What tides have carried Him from the forevers into the limitations of time that from His great heart we might emerge and bathe in the majesty of His Life. As He said in the *Bhagavad-Gita* of old:

“What is glorious, good, beautiful, and mighty understand thou that to go forth from a fragment of My splendor. “But what is the knowledge of all these details to Thee O Arjuna? Having pervaded this whole universe with one fragment of Myself, I remain.”





W. Scott Lewis



HE natural span of human life, according to medical authorities is 140 years. If every human being should in accordance with all the laws of nature this age would be reached by the average person after the few generations required to offset the inherited defects caused by many centuries of wrong living. In the case of any given individual the more closely they conform to the laws of nature the greater their chance of passing the century mark. It has long been known that lack of exercise, poor air, overeating, and improper diet were potent factors in shortening life. Within the last few years scientific research has turned our attention to still another mistake that is almost universally made by "civilized" man. This is the constant insulation of the body from the health-giving rays, and vital, or pranic, forces radiated by that great center of life and energy which we call the sun. Foolish man allows himself to starve for the sunlight and vitality which is all about him and as free as the air he breathes.

What we know as "nature" is merely God manifesting in the physical world. Nature. Nature's plans are the plans of God. When we live in accordance with them we have that form of harmony within ourselves which we know as health. When we depart from them an inharmony is set up which leads to suffering. Now, shocking as it may seem to some, nature did not design man as a clothes wearing being. When our bodies were developed from those of animals the covering of hair *was*

largely omitted except on the top of the head where it is needed to protect the brain from the intense radiation of the summer sun. The rest of the body was left largely bare, and so modified that it can not enjoy perfect health in the complete absence of sunshine. Man is no longer entirely animal. He is capable of responding to higher types of vibration than the lower creatures. He is even more immediately dependent upon the vital center of our system than they are. The Divine forces of nature have made us children of the sun, and because we have gone contrary to the "will" of nature, because we have "sinned" by disobeying her laws, we are afflicted with many ills which might have been avoided but for our ignorance. Modern science has discovered the error, and now comes the slow and difficult task of breaking down established conventions, and overcoming false ideas through education along right lines.

It appears that the greatest damage to the individual who is shut away from the sun is done in childhood. In fact the injury to growing bodies is sometimes so serious that it seems little less than criminal to keep them always shut away from the health-giving rays as is often done today. In the absence of the finer wave-lengths of sunlight the human body can not build calcium into the bones properly. As a result they grow more or less out of shape. Sometimes they are visibly deformed as in the case of bow legs. Usually the injury is confined to the internal bones. In this case, though it may not be ap-



parent to the eye, a pressure is set up upon some of the internal organs which leads to disease in later life. In addition to the effect upon the bones the skin becomes unhealthy white and does not perform its function properly. Furthermore the vitality is lowered by lessening the absorption of vital force from the air and the child is much more apt to fall a victim to the various kinds of contagious colds and other diseases that still further injure the system.

Heliotherapy, or the treatment of disease with sunlight, dates back to before the time of Christ, but it is only within the last few years that it has been placed upon a firm scientific basis and its value properly appreciated. About 400 B. C. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, built a temple on the Island of Cos which he dedicated to Aesculapius, the god of medicine. Here he brought his patients and had them expose their bodies to the rays of the sun. Through this and other methods he made many wonderful cures and built a reputation that has lasted through the ages. His teachings spread through Greece and Rome and sun baths were generally used in the cure of disease in these countries until the beginning of the Dark Ages. Then the knowledge was lost and was not rediscovered until the end of the eighteenth century. About this time French doctors began to make use of sunlight with beneficial results and in 1840 physicians of Lyons first applied it as a cure for tuberculosis. While its value was soon proved and its use continued it was not put upon a sound scientific basis until 1903 when Rollier opened a clinic in Switzerland. His work marked a great advance in many ways. In the first place he had the modern idea that it is better to prevent disease than to wait until one is sick and then try to cure it. He demonstrated that sunlight is a wonderful preventive as well as a cure for many diseases other than tuberculosis. In the second place he worked out a scientific method of graduating his sun baths so as to secure pigmentation of the skin of the entire body with-

out any danger of sunburn. It must be remembered that when sunlight falls upon unhealthy skin, that is a white one, it generates a poison underneath it. If this accumulates to any amount it produces the unpleasant symptoms known as sunburn, and if the quantity is great enough it may even be dangerous. If the skin is healthy, that is properly pigmented, or browned, this poison is not generated and only beneficial effects are experienced. This explains the care that must be used, especially with babies, to expose the body only a short time each day at first. As the skin changes in color the length of the daily treatment may be steadily increased until one can remain for hours at a time in the sunshine entirely unclothed.

A third advance made by Rollier was in distinguishing between the effects of light baths and heat baths. He found that in his work with children heat should usually be avoided and so his treatment was given at a high altitude in the Alps. Here the intensity of that part of the solar radiation which produces the beneficial effect is at a maximum while the air temperature remains low and stimulating.

So successful were Rollier's methods in the cure of tuberculosis that they gradually spread to other parts of the world and we read in a Bulletin from the California State Board of Health, "Switzerland is no longer the only place where tuberculosis children may be seen playing naked in the sun or lying on outdoor sun porches. In many parts of this country, whether at the seashore or in the mountains, just such scenes are common today."

The next step came in 1916 when Dr. G. Leo published a book in France urging parents to use heliotherapy in infancy to prevent tuberculosis. He gave very simple directions whereby anyone could give sun baths to babies without danger of injury. However, even at that late date, he little dreamed that his methods were not only preventing tuberculosis but also another extremely important and more wide-



spread disease of infancy. Even today, in the case of a great many, heliotherapy means nothing more than the cure or prevention of tuberculosis, although this is really only one of its values. So rapidly has scientific knowledge advanced along this line that only the most progressive physicians are cognizant of all the recent developments, while the general public is woefully ignorant regarding even the most important facts.

One year after the end of the world war there came one of the most important discoveries yet made regarding the effect of sunlight upon the body. While the disease of childhood known as rickets has been known for over 250 years it was not suspected that there was any relation between it and lack of sunlight until 1890. During that year an Englishman suggested the possibility that this might be the case, but apparently no attention was paid to the matter by physicians. In 1912 a French investigator announced the opinion that there is a definite relationship between healing sunlight and this serious malady which causes the bones to grow out of shape and leads to many different diseases in later life. However it was not until 1919 that absolute proof that sunlight would cure it was obtained, consisting of a series of X-ray photographs showing the effect of ultra-violet radiations in bringing the bones back into proper shape. This focussed the attention of scientists upon

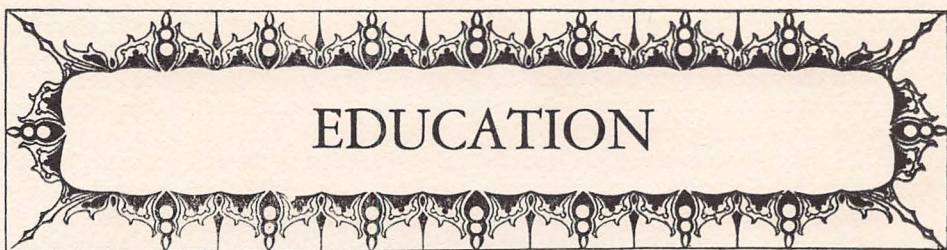
the subject as nothing else has and led to a rapid extension of knowledge. This culminated in November, 1927, when it was announced that the physical cause of the development of the new race in the Southwest is the amount of ultra-violet, or vital sun rays, which come through because of the absence of water vapor in the air. So great is the effect of the powerful sunlight that it is actually changing bodily growth and speeding up the mental development of school children, in spite of the ignorance and conventionality of their parents, which greatly fetters and slows down the process. Of course some educational work is being done and the sight of children playing about in the garb nature intended is not nearly as rare as it was. As the new knowledge spreads and old conventions crumble it will become commonplace and cease to attract attention. However, in view of the fact that one young child in every three is still suffering for rickets in at least a mild form, and the knowledge we now have of the importance of the sun in developing the new race it would seem that a "more sunlight for children" movement might prove of great value in educating the public along these lines. Certainly we can not spread the new teachings too rapidly right now when the Divine forces which control human evolution are making this effort to bring forth a more perfect type of humanity.

## Not for Ourselves Alone

Anonymous

*Not for ourselves alone!  
Beneath God's burning throne  
The ethereal soul was clothed with  
form and feeling  
To work some earthly task of cheer or  
healing,  
Strike out some spark of noble deeds—  
revealing  
The same whence all are blown,  
Not for ourselves alone!*





## Education and Our Common Denominator

Julia K. Sommer

"Plants are fashioned by cultivation, man by education. . . . We lament the helplessness of infancy; we fail to perceive that the race would have perished had not man begun by being a child. . . . All that we lack at birth, all that we need when we come to man's estate, is the gift of education. This education comes to us from nature, from man, or from things.

"We are born sensitive and from our birth onwards we are affected in various ways by our environment. . . . Everything should . . . be brought into harmony with . . . natural tendencies, and that might well be if our three modes of education merely differed from one another; but what can be done when they conflict, when instead of training man for himself you try to train him for others? Harmony becomes impossible. Forced to combat either nature or society, you must make your choice between the man and the citizen, you cannot train both."

Thus Rousseau in his *Emile* has undoubtedly given educators much food for thought; but modern progressive educators certainly would not agree with the sentiment expressed in the last paragraph quoted. They feel that they can train both the man and the citizen. They may not have accomplished it thus far for the mass of mankind, but sufficient success has rewarded their efforts to know that it can be done; and it is a goal worth striving toward.

The direction which progressive education is taking to attain this ideal is

through greater social contact for each child, rather than isolation, such as Rousseau gave his hypothetical Emile. Instead of tutoring but one orphan, Emile, our progressive modern educator, Mrs. Marietta Johnson, for instance, would adopt a whole orphan asylum to demonstrate the wisdom of her educational ideal.

To illustrate, let me enlarge upon a symbol used by Rousseau himself. He says: "*The natural man lives for himself; he is the unit, the whole, dependent only on himself and on his like. The citizen is but the numerator of a fraction, whose value depends on its denominator; his value depends upon the whole, that is, on the community.*" Good social institutions are those best fitted . . . to merge the unit (man) into the group, so that he no longer regards himself as one, but as a part of the whole, and is only conscious of the common life. . . . To be something, to be himself, and always at one with himself, a man must act as he speaks, must know what course he ought to take, and must follow that course with vigor and persistence. When I meet this miracle it will be time enough to decide whether he is a man or a citizen, or how he contrives to be both." A strange mixture of cynicism and idealism is revealed in these words.

But let us consider the symbol implied in the words in italics. The natural man is at one with himself. That is, mathematically he is represented by the figure 1. As a fractional symbol he



is  $1/1$  (one over one), dependent only on himself, or on nature with which he is at one, just as the animals are. If he is part of a community, dependent upon that community for his subsistence he is no longer one over one but one over many, let us say  $1/1000$ . Rousseau's remark that the natural man is also dependent "on his like" is not consistent with his symbol, for a community is made up of "his like." As soon as our environment is a community, made up of people like ourselves, our denominator becomes the number of people in that community. The natural man that Rousseau has in mind is an independent unit, thoroughly self-centered, and self-sufficient.

But, natural man demands a mate and there is one. So we have him represented by the fraction  $1/2$ . If he makes a harmonious adaptation to his mate, if he overcomes to some extent his selfcenteredness and takes thought for her welfare and happiness, he is not only himself, but an ideal husband and is symbolized by  $2/2$ . His value is still a one (1), but a more complex one. He has lost nothing, but gained much. Then a child arrives. If he also adapts himself to that situation and becomes an ideal father, he is three distinct individuals and his symbol is  $3/3$ , whose value is still equal to unity. We have now three persons in one being whose symbol, contrary to what Rousseau would have us believe, is not  $1/3$ , for his added powers of adaptation have increased his numerator to equal his denominator.

Thus we may go on. Every added individual in his little community means added need for adaptation, calls for more unselfishness, more love, sympathy, understanding, growth. Large communities call for other capacities besides those of adaptation to human beings, powers undreamed of by our natural man. They demand cleanliness, order, a sense of beauty, creative thought power, constructive workmanship, which no primitive society ever called forth. We, the numerators, have not kept pace with the measure of our

common denominator in any of these powers. Perhaps that is what is implied in Veblen's *The Instinct of Workmanship* in which he states that "According to accepted theories of heredity, civilized mankind should by native endowment be best fit to live under conditions of a moderately advanced savagery."

This, then, the task of education—to hasten man's growth, the unfolding of his latent capacities of body, mind, and heart. Our instinctive emotions must be sublimated to more spiritual qualities, feelings of unity, of solidarity with the race. We must no longer feel as one in a thousand or a million. We must feel *with* the thousand, *with* the million. How many of us do that?

Our educational methods emphasize too much the development of the mind, and a very simple function of mind at that—mere rote learning. The higher functions of the mind are left dormant. Our creative imagination is neglected. Our emotions, the root of our character, are untouched or wrong emotions called forth—rivalry, dishonesty, fear, apathy, etc. No wonder we are mere savages with a thin coating of the veneer of civilization. Our educational procedure must strike deeper than that. We must provide for our children such a socialized school atmosphere, such doing-feeling-knowing types of experience in the schoolroom, that their latent powers of mind and heart and body may find convenient avenues for expression, in order that they may become harmoniously adjusted to an ever larger group, a group that shall take in all humanity at last. Our denominator must finally become the entire human family, and our numerator must equal our denominator in order that our value to ourselves and to humanity may be an integral one. A large order! But, since we have started on the adventure and gotten thus far we can hardly turn back. Furthermore, the divinity within us will not let us turn back; and the divinity without, the Great Teacher, will help us on our way.





## REVIEWS



### The Comte de St. Germain

Beatrice Wood

One of the most fascinating figures of the Eighteenth Century is that of the mysterious Comte de St. Germain. Some, ignorant of the occult powers and discounting all knowledge of that kind as improbable, deemed him as a charlatan; others treasured his portrait, respected him for his noble character, his keen insight into political affairs, and his gift of prophecy. Probably around no other character has there existed such profound disagreement.

Mrs. I. Cooper Oakley in her book *The Comte de St. Germain*, has collected an amazing amount of data concerning this unusual figure. A new, attractive and illustrated edition has just been published. So far, much that has been written about the Comte has been incoherent and antagonistic. It has been difficult to trace accurately his history because he was constantly traveling under different names, a custom indulged in by prominent people of those days when they wished to pass incognito. Most of the records concerning him are buried in the secret archives of old, aristocratic families. The author traveled far and wide in her unwearied search to collect the material, she studied records in many of the libraries of Europe, and her painstaking efforts will be appreciated by all students.

Dr. Annie Besant in the foreword writes that the Comte de St. Germain was the moving force behind the intellectual reform movement which received its death blow in the outbreak of the French Revolution. (This life of the great occultist is considered by Theosophists one of the incarnations of the Prince Ragoczi now the Chohan of the seventh, or ceremonial Ray.)

In this book are several descriptions of him drawn from the remarks of his friends; they present the picture of a highly educated man, abounding in courtesy and charm, renowned for his liberality. He was of medium height with a face full of gen-

ius, crowned by black hair, illuminated by a sparkling smile. He bore himself with the dignified carriage common only to the great. He dressed simply, his only luxury consisting in a large number of diamonds with which he was fairly covered; one evening he appeared at court with shoe buckles estimated at two hundred thousand francs. He lived according to a strict regime, ate no meat, drank no wine, dined always alone, and was never known to eat with any one. He spoke with equal perfection German, English, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, and French, and also conversed in Chinese, Sanskrit and Arabic. He was besides, an excellent musician, a splendid violinist, reported as "playing like an orchestra." He also painted beautifully in oils, and had discovered a secret process which enabled him to lend such brilliant hues to the rubies and diamonds that he painted on the dress of the women, that they shone like original gems. Some said he could speak in different voices, could write simultaneously with both hands on different sheets of paper, so that one sheet could not be distinguished from the other. He knew how to lengthen life, how to prevent the ravages of time from affecting the body, and also how to get discarnate entities to obey him. He was able to transmute iron into a metal like gold, to carry the dyeing of silks to an unsurpassed degree of loveliness. He understood the secrets of nature, was able to tame bees, to make snakes listen to music, and from herbs invented a medicine which prolonged life. At times he would disappear for months and no trace of him could be found. He had been in Africa, India, and China, and everywhere his influence was strongly felt.

As to his amazing ability to retain the appearance of youth, the Countess of Georgy, after an absence of some fifty years met him at the home of Mme. de Pompadour. To her astonishment she found him unchanged, unaged, though she herself was old and wrinkled. She decided he must be the

\* The Theosophical Press, Wheaton, Ill. Price, \$3.25.



son of the man she had met so many years before, and unable to control her excitement approached him:

"The Comte de St. Germain I knew in those days was at least forty-five years old, and you, at the outside, are that age at present." "Madame," replied the Comte smiling, "I am very old." "But then you must be nearly a hundred years old." "That is not impossible."

Madame de Hausset, who was companion to Mme. de Pompadour, tells of this tale of his powers. The King had a middling sized diamond, after weighing it he said to the Comte. "The value of this diamond as it is, and with the flaw in it, is six thousand livres; without the flaw it would be worth at least ten thousand. Will you undertake to make me a gainer of four thousand livres?" St. Germain examined it very attentively, and said, "It is possible; it may be done. I will bring it to you again in a month."

At the time appointed the Comte de St. Germain brought back the diamond without a spot and gave it to the King. . . . His Majesty then sent it to his jeweller, by M. de Contant, without telling him of anything that had passed. The jeweller gave him nine thousand six hundred livres for it. The King, however, sent for the diamond again, and said he would keep it as a curiosity. He (the King) could not overcome his surprise, and said M. de Germain must be worth millions, especially if he possessed the secret of making large diamonds out of small ones. The Comte neither denied that he could, nor could not, but positively asserted that he knew how to make pearls grow, and give them the finest luster. The King paid him great attention, and so did Madame de Pompadour.

He had presented Mme. de Pompadour with a bonbonniere which was universally admired. It was in black enamel, with a lid of agate. He asked for permission to place it near the fire. A few minutes later her astonishment was great to see that the agate had disappeared and in its place was a charming shepherdess; and then "After the bonbonniere had again been placed near the fire the shepherdess disappeared, and the agate reappeared."

Louis XV was practically the originator of secret diplomacy, and he sent the Comte de St. Germain on many missions and to make peace with his ministers. Yet there are but fragments to testify of these missions; and only here and there can the student find trace of his visits to courts.

It is as if there were a conspiracy of silence concerning him, and often when his name was mentioned in original diplomatic papers, it was omitted in later copies. This is particularly noticeable in certain editions in which the earlier works contain more information about him than the later ones. Dr. Carl von Weber, keeper of the Saxon Archives in Dresden, calls attention to the

first edition of a certain work in which there is a long article on the Comte, while in the later editions it is missing. Instances like this are to be found everywhere.

The "man of mystery" was seen at the court of Marie Antoinette where he was also spoken of as "the man of miracles." No one knew from where he came, and he still appeared about forty-five years old. Voltaire remarked that he was a man who never died, and one who knew everything. The Comte told the Queen of the ill-will against the royal family, of a gigantic conspiracy then forming against the throne, and warned her of her approaching end. He plead with Madame de Ahdhemar to warn the Queen of her danger, and she made the following notes concerning her conversation with the Queen:

"I entered; the Queen was sitting in front of a charming porcelain writing-table, which the King had given her; she was writing, and turning her head she said to me with one of her gracious smiles: "What do you want with me?" "A trifle, Madame, I merely aspire to save the monarchy." Her Majesty looked at me in amazement. "Explain yourself." At this command I mentioned the Comte de St. Germain; I told all that I knew of him, of his intimacy with the late King, Madame de Pompadour; I spoke of the real services he had rendered to the State by his diplomatic ability; I added that since the death of the Marquise he had disappeared from Court, and that no one knew the place of his retirement. . . ."

The Queen appeared to reflect, then she replied: "It is strange; yesterday I received a letter from a mysterious correspondent; he warned me that an important communication would shortly be made to me, and that I must take it into serious consideration on pain of the greatest misfortune. The coincidence of these two things is remarkable."

The Comte de St. Germain did his best to warn the royal family of the evils of government that overshadowed them. It was he, the "mysterious advisor" so often spoken of, who sent the letter to the Queen, and it is evident that he had watched over that unfortunate Queen since her arrival in France. But she heeded him not, and blindly danced on from festivity to festivity. Too late she realized the truth of what he had warned her of, and her danger. Once, when a curiously sealed letter was brought to her, she said:

"From the time of my arrival in France, and in every important event in which my interests have been concerned, a mysterious protector has disclosed what I had to fear." She wondered who he was that for so many years had told her the truth without reward. He had prophesied the Revolution and that the nobility would be abolished. He was present at the time of the assassination of the Queen.

Records show that he was one of the



French Masons at the Paris Convention in 1785. An account tells of the initiation of Cagliostro by the Comte de St. Germain, the ritual used being that of the Knight Templars. Afterwards efforts were made to eliminate his name from Masonic literature by the ultra conservative.

Eliphas Levi the great occultist states that M. de St. Germain was a Catholic in religious observance. The all-powerful Jesuits, however, brought the wildest accusations of religious anarchy against him. So absurd were these charges, even of atheism, that finally some who were non-Masons protested, and J. J. Mounier, neither mystic nor Mason, but a lover of truth, investigated them and rejected them as worthless. With two staunch Royalist friends the Comte even founded Catholic Masonic Lodges, a fact obviously discounting atheistic accusations.

It is said that the true Rosicrucian tradition was carried on in the Lodge of St. Germain at Rue Patriere. "It appears that the members were studying the conditions of life on higher planes, just as occultists of today are doing. Practical occultism and spiritual mysticism were the end and aim of the Philaletheans; but alas the destiny of France, the Revolution, overwhelmed them, and scenes of bloodshed and violence swept them and their peaceful studies away."

Some say the Comte de St. Germain died; others that he lived on. And Herr D. Britte in 1785, the same year the Comte de St. Germain was present at the great Masonic Convention of 1785, made the following remark: "This adventurer who died two years ago in Danish Holstein!" Careful research proves untrue that the Comte was a charlatan. Veils of mystery have ever hidden the life of the Initiates from the outer world, and they have nearly always been martyrs, murdered by calumny, or at the stake.

Eliphas Levi says the Comte's influence can be traced in every Order where mystical or occult teaching is to be found, and that in

all such movements evolution, reincarnation, the hidden side of nature, the nobleness of character were taught. Surrounded by a few earnest students the "man of mystery" did his utmost to bring a spiritual understanding of life to a material world.

Madame Blavatsky mentions a "Cipher Rosicrucian Manuscript" in his possession. In the *Secret Doctrine* we find a reference to his teaching of numbers, and this would seem to link him with the Pythagorean School. He was continually bringing Eastern thought and the message of the Great White Lodge to different organizations in the West. To understand why he worked through so many small bodies, instead of uniting them all into one big society, one must realize the conditions of the Eighteenth Century; France and England at war, and the Jesuits crushing out any breath of occult knowledge, so that the students were only safe in small secret societies.

The Comte de St. Germain associated with the most brilliant people of his time. He also worked with Mesmer in Paris along healing and mystical lines. They talked together of the elements, of the elixir of life, and the employment of magnetism in a series of permutations.

He said about himself that he had to journey to England to prepare two inventions of the next century—the train and the steamboat. He added: "One needs to have studied in the Pyramids as I have studied. Towards the end of this century I shall disappear out of Europe, and betake myself to the region of the Himalayas. I will rest. I *must* rest. Exactly in eighty-five years will people again set eyes on me."

The author herself says that her book is but a rough sketch of his great life. Yet we know that it contains the most complete record as yet published, and therefore it should be of great interest to all students of occultism, as well as to lovers of good biography.

*"Oh where is the sea?" the fishes cried  
As they swam the shim'ring clearness  
through;*

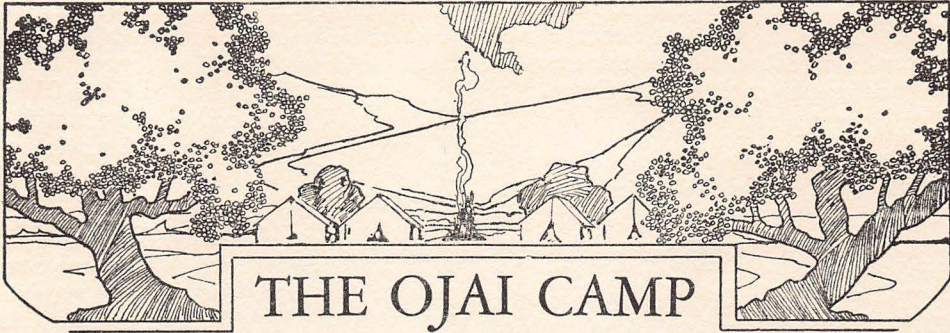
*We've heard from of old of the ocean's  
tide*

*And we long to look on the waters blue.  
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"  
The lark flew up in the morning light  
And sang and balanced on sunny wings,  
And this was her song: "I see the  
light,*

*I look on a world of wondrous things;  
And flying and singing everywhere  
In vain have I sought to find the air!"*

. . . Anonymous.





LOUIS ZALK, Manager

First International Congress of the Order of the Star to be held at Ojai, California, U.S.A., May 21 to May 28, 1928.

#### CAMP NECESSITIES:

It has been decided that members need not bring dishes or cutlery as these will be part of the permanent equipment of the Camp. The care and washing of dishes will be part of the duties of the kitchen organization.

#### MEMBERS SHOULD BRING:

Electric torch, sheets, blankets, pillow-cases, soap, towels, etc. The Camp Management will endeavor to keep a stock of these materials which may be bought at the Camp Shop. Nights may be cool even in May. Small tent rugs will be very useful. Extra blankets may be rented from our store in exceptional cases.

#### SPECIAL NOTE:

All who intend coming in their own automobiles should immediately advise us at the Headquarters Office so that adequate parking space may be prepared at the Camp grounds.

#### GENERAL INFORMATION:

The Camp fee covers eight days of board and lodging—the day of arrival, the 21st of May, the day of departure, the 28th of May, and the six days of actual Camp activities. Our members already understand that a large portion of the fees for the first Camp is re-

quired for the improvements that had to be installed to make the Camp possible, such as the construction of roads, waterworks, bath-houses, and kitchen. From the Camp fees there is also paid a substantial sum necessary for interest and sinking fund on our land indebtedness.

There will be a special Children's Section set a little apart so as not to disturb the rest of the Camp. Mothers will naturally sleep with their little ones at this Section. The Camp Management has decided that where members bring children under the age of 14 they are required to pay half the Camp fee, or \$30.00, in the case of one child, and \$15.00 for each additional child.

Those unable to obtain information from their own railroad offices at home as to the most convenient way of reaching Ojai may communicate either with Mr. H. L. Shattuck, 814 Montrose Ave., Chicago, Mr. C. H. Wagoner, 1255 Bonnie View Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, or Mr. S. W. Williams, 1349 Douglas St., Los Angeles. Mr. Shattuck will also gladly answer all questions relating to the special train arrangements from the central and eastern districts.

The Star office, 2123 Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, will be glad to give traveling information to those inquiring. The office will answer telephone calls up to 5 p. m. of the day of arrival. Telephone number, Hollywood, 7425.

When baggage is sent ahead, each article should be very plainly marked with the sender's name and address,



and the package consigned to Mr. Fred Hart, Ojai. A moderate charge will be made in such cases for the transfer of packages from station to Camp.

#### FACILITIES:

Arrangements will be made to cash Bankers', Travelers' Checks or Post-office money orders at the Camp. Arrangements will be made with the local Bank as to foreign exchange.

There will be a mail delivery at the Camp but members are requested to have as few letters and papers as possible forwarded to them at Ojai during the Camp week. Travel information will be available for those desiring it.

#### SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS:

It is the desire of the Camp Management that each guest at the Camp be as comfortable as possible. There will be a limited number of single accommodations. Tents for two persons are the standard; for three or four if desired. A charge of \$5.00 extra will be made for the single tents, and arrangements for these cannot be made after May 1st. Those desiring tents to accommodate three, four, or more should advise us very promptly.

In order to avoid the discomfort attendant upon waiting for accommodations to be assigned after arrival, it is the plan of the Management to have all the work of assignment done several weeks in advance of the opening date. Guests can then be handed registration

cards as they arrive, with tent location shown thereon, and proceed to make themselves comfortable at once.

In view of the above, the Camp Management will appreciate being notified of cases that require special service so that such kindly attention as is needed may be given.

#### REQUESTS AND REGULATIONS:

You are requested to bring your Star membership cards and also the receipts that you have on hand for payments made on registrations. In case of failure to do this it is understood that the records of the Star Camp Treasurer be accepted as correct.

#### NO ANIMALS:

No animals or pets may be brought to the Camp.

#### ILLNESS:

Members who are seriously ill or suffering from any infectious disease cannot be admitted to the Camp.

#### BEFORE AND AFTER CAMP:

Only workers *invited by the Camp Management* may come before the day of the opening, or stay after the Camp closes. It is not possible to admit others before May 21st, or to permit them to remain after May 28th.

#### CAMP SERVICE:

We feel sure that if members knew the amount of work which must be done to make the Camp possible that all would be eager to have a share in this splendid service.

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# The International Bulletin

Published at Eerde, Ommen, Holland

## ITS PURPOSE

To those whose interests extend beyond their own communities, the *International Star Bulletin* offers a unique magazine. As it is truly international in its scope, it serves the cause of world unity and understanding by bringing news of common activities to many who are seeking friendship with people of all nations.

As the official international organ of the Order of the Star, it may be considered as the direct instrument of Krishnaji for uniting and coördinating his workers throughout the world. There appear in its pages almost every month short articles by him, or groups of his answers to questions on many interesting problems of the spiritual life. For all those who want to establish in the world the great ideals that Krishnaji embodies, it is a source of inspiration and guidance.

## ITS CONTENTS

The first number of the *International Bulletin* was issued in November, 1927. It has appreciably increased in size and content since then, and has had occasional photographic illustrations. Recent numbers have contained items of such interest as opinions of the press about Krishnaji, news of his reception and his travels on his return to India, articles about his books; there have also been reports of lectures and of how National Organizers are applying the new ideals to practical work for the Star, and many notes and reviews by other writers.

Not the least useful of its contents are the latest lists of National Organizers of the Order, and National Editors of *The Star* magazine, with their addresses; the notices of new books issued by the Star Publishing Trust; and the full and detailed information about registering for the Ommen Star Camp, 1928.

## FUTURE PROSPECTS

The issues of the next few months will have unusual interest, for they will contain the happenings of the three Star Camps: first the new Camp at Benares, India; then the new Camp in the Ojai Valley, U. S. A., finally, the great Camp at Ommen in August. Krishnaji's first public address in London will also be reported, probably in the April number.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

To subscribe, it is only necessary to send payment with name and address of the subscriber. Payment by international money order is preferred, at Dutch guilders 2.50 net a year; but cheques, drafts, postal orders, etc., will be accepted at four shilling (£0-4-0) or one dollar (\$1.00) a year. Kindly add ten percent to personal checks for cost of exchange. Receipts will not be sent unless specially requested.

Subscriptions may be sent through the National Headquarters of the Order of the Star for each country, or may be sent direct to: Manager, *International Star Bulletin*, Eerde, Ommen, Holland.





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# ORDER OF THE STAR

J. KRISHNAMURTI, Head of the Order

## OBJECTS

1. TO DRAW TOGETHER ALL THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE WORLD-TEACHER IN THE WORLD.
2. TO WORK WITH HIM FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HIS IDEALS.

Membership in the Order is open to all who subscribe to its Objects. There are no fees for membership in the Order. Certain Sections have found it convenient to fix a regular subscription, but this practice is not in any way binding on the Order as a whole.

There is a Chief Organizer for all International work. The Headquarters of the Order is established at Eerde, Ommen, Holland. The Order exists now in forty-five countries with a National Organizer in each country.

The Badge of the Order is a five-pointed silver star.

The Order publishes its magazine, *THE STAR*, in several countries simultaneously. An *INTERNATIONAL STAR BULLETIN* is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde.

CHIEF ORGANIZER: D. RAJAGOPAL, EERDE, OMMEN, HOLLAND



